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SIXPENCE.  
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## MADAME JANE HADING ON HER ART.

Of all the present members of the Comédie Française, Madame Jane Hading—pronounce it as if an English name, that is what the French try to do with scant success—is the one whom Londoners were most anxious to see. Naturally, then, it seemed to me that she was the first to be interviewed for *The Sketch*; so, after getting a wrong address from the theatre, I went into the wilds of Bloomsbury, and, with aid of a little mother wit, soon tracked her down.

"What! only appear once in London? Only once?"

"Yes; isn't it vexing? It seems hardly worth while coming over for one performance, and I do like playing to the English; they are so amiable, and so—may I say so?—intelligent. You see, this is how it happened: I joined the Comédie Française only three months ago. Why? Well, I'll tell you. The truth is that nowadays all our dramatists are anxious to be played at the Maison de Molière, and won't write for other theatres. The Gymnase and the Vaudeville are dying for want of authors. And Pailleron—you know his "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*"—was writing a play for the Théâtre Français, and wanted me to perform in it, so I joined, and—well, he hasn't finished the piece!"

"Yes; that's all very well and interesting, but—"

"But—well, you see all the good parts belong to the senior members, and they won't give them up to me. Why should they? So there was nothing left for me but Augier's '*Les Effrontés*,' which I played this year. It is simply a question of the laws of the society, and no one is to blame."

"Except Louis XIV. or Napoleon I., and they are safe. Long may we be without an institution whose laws keep such talent as yours in the background!"

"And you want to know all about me? There's nothing to tell. My life has been spent in theatres—that's all. My father was in the profession, and I made my début at the age of three—in the provinces, of course. I'm a provincial—from Marseilles, in fact. Do I think La Cannebière the finest street in the world and bouillabaisse the grandest dish? Oh! you must not make fun of us. Yes; I've played all over France, in big and little theatres—in fact, I've played every kind of part, in every kind of play, in every kind of theatre, and I love my art. Indeed, it is life to me. I know your Macready was a great actor and did not love his work. I don't understand it at all."

"Then you don't believe in Diderot's '*Paradoxe sur le Comédien*'?"

"Not a bit; do you?—Oh! well, if you won't answer, as far as I'm concerned, to act a part is to be the part, and if I did not feel the one I'm sure I could not be the other. That's why acting is so exhausting, and

I envy my English confrères their Sunday—a blessing that I wish we enjoyed. Not that I suppose it was invented for actors."

"No; for the critics, but they get little benefit out of it."

"No; I have not seen Duse, but from what the papers say I suppose she has great ability. She does not make up, you say, but how does she look without it? Oh, mind you, I don't think it is an actress's business to look pretty: on the contrary, I think prettiness a great drawback."

"Then how on earth did you reach your present position with such a tremendous drawback?" And, indeed, if beauty were really a burden to an actress, Madame Hading ought to be at the bottom of the "extra ladies." Few actresses can compare with her in loveliness. Her broad low forehead, fine firm nose, and full strong mouth, even without the wonderful eyes and hair, would delight an artist by their perfect modelling. She has that strange type of Greek imposed on Celt found only perhaps in Southern France—the combination that has made the women of Arles celebrated for loveliness throughout the world. The eyes are splendid—large, deep brown eyes of velvet texture that one would only compare with the gazelle's, if the gazelle had large brains and quick intelligence to flash life into them. I must not here interrupt the interview by speaking of the hair.

"You see," she said, "if an actress has beauty people think of it rather, perhaps, than of her acting; and if she has a reputation for beauty the critics pretend that it is her looks which charm the public, not her art."

"You must have suffered greatly from that disparagement."

"Yes," she answered, with a simplicity which put vanity out of the question; "but I think I have conquered that difficulty now. But you want to know how I do my hair?"

I did; for the hair is delightful. It is parted simply down the middle, and from the parting proceeds in waves of wonderful beauty. There is literally nothing to compare it with except the rippling sea, and

no man would hesitate to find it more beautiful, since the sea never has such gorgeous russet tints.

"Well, I do nothing to it at all; it waves itself. People often ask me how it is done, and whether it is crimped or ironed; but I can only say that I simply brush it out, and it is as you see. Apropos, I may tell you that an obscure hairdresser once came to me and begged me to let him say he was my coiffeur. I could not prevent him saying so, and he did; and by pretending this—for, in fact, he never touched my hair—he got clients, and invented irons to do the work, and now has made a fortune. But you must promise not to mention any of this in your paper."

"I promise that I will. And what do you think of Ibsen?"

"Oh! I think he is admirable—a really great dramatist. I have



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MADAME JANE HADING.



read all his works, and would love to play in them, but have had no chance. You see, they have not been successful in Paris, for most of the people don't understand them, and many of the critics, but not the great ones, dislike them; while even the players act without feeling certain that they know what they are doing: still, I am sure he will be appreciated some day. No; I have no pets, no hobbies, and I don't even collect stamps. Music is my great distraction, and when I have nothing to do—which is rare—or too much—which often happens—I play and sing in order to relieve and please myself."

"And you tell me you like the English as audiences, and that in your past visits at the Lyceum, Gaiety, and Royalty you found them appreciative. Now, what do you think of the English women and their dress?"

"Oh, I think they are charming, and some of them dress beautifully; in fact, to tell the truth, many of them dress at least as well as we do, and at present you know—or you would if you were a woman—that they set the fashions more to us than we to them. Of course, many



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

MADAME JANE HADING.

of us do not admit this; but most French people even now remain wonderfully ignorant of what happens outside France. Only the other day I heard a Frenchman say there is no real acting except in Paris, but I have seen your Ellen Terry, your Irving, Tree, and Bernard Beere, and I know how admirable is their art. 'No Conservatoire in England,' you say. Well, I don't believe in the Conservatoire; I never studied at it myself, and in my opinion it does little good except in making mediocrities passable. There is always a danger, I think, of its destroying individuality, and I do not think it is of much aid to real artists."

By the time that Madame Hading had finished explaining that she had no favourite parts, except that she preferred good ones, I began to think I had plenty of matter for my space, and, moreover, to suspect that, despite her polite remarks, she was anxious to fulfil the thousand-and-one other claims on her time; so, pulling myself together, I paid an elaborate, complicated compliment in French—for I assumed during the interview she did not speak our language—and she received it, thanks to her stage training, without even the ghost of a malicious smile. She slightly disconcerted me, however, by ending our interview by a very English-sounding "Good-bye," and a vigorous "shake-hands" à l'Anglaise.

E. F. S.

Mr. John Hollingshead points out that an English version of "La Poupée de Nuremberg," under the title of "Dolly," was done at the Gaiety Theatre in 1870. "No piece in the world," he adds, "with few exceptions, has escaped the voracity of the Royal Horse-  
Collar Theatre."

## ALL ABROAD.

The German Parliamentary elections took place on Thursday. For the 397 seats in the Reichstag there are 1500 candidates, which gives an average of from three to four applicants for each place. The multitude of candidates is caused by the number of parties. There are Old Conservatives and Free Conservatives, National Liberals and Liberal Unionists, Liberal Democrats, South German Democrats, and Social Democrats (who put forward 360 candidates), Clericals or Centre, Anti-Semites or Jew-baiters, of various shades; Poles, Guelphs, Danes, and Alsace-Lorrainers, all described as "Reichsfeinde," or foes of the Empire; Particularist Mecklenburgers, opposed to a domineering Prussia; Agrarians enraged with the new commercial treaties, Non-Agrarians, Protectionists, Free Traders, Bimetallists, Bismarckians, Capri-vi-ites, Anti-Emperor men, Fifth Monarchy men, and other "cranks." It will be some weeks before the new Parliament can meet.

Apropos of the elections, the following story is characteristic of the Kaiser. Inspecting recently Professor Bega's model of the monument over Kaiser Wilhelm I, his Majesty pointed to one of the emblems, inquiring, "What is that?" "A ballot urn, your Majesty," was the rejoinder. "A what?" reiterated the Emperor. "Away with it!" And away it went.

German and Austrian financiers are directing a good deal of attention to the development of trade in Bulgaria. A project has been formed to found a bank to be called the Oesterreiche-Bulgarische Bank, with headquarters in Vienna and branches at Constantinople and throughout Asia Minor.

The Young Czech party have been treating the Austrian Delegation to attacks on the Triple Alliance and violent Russophile declarations. Count Kalnoky has defended the Alliance vigorously.

The compromise effected early last year between the Old Conservative party in Roumania and the Young Conservatives still holds good, and the session of the Chamber, which came to an end last week, has been fruitful in good legislation. Important reforms have been effected in local administration, the clergy, and popular education.

The Panama defendants, MM. Charles de Lesseps, Fontane, and Eiffel, have done four months of their term of imprisonment for swindling, when the highest court in France, the Cour de Cassation, discovers that they should never have been convicted, on the ground that the three years after which, under the Code, there is immunity against charges of swindling and breach of trust had expired before the prosecution was instituted. They have been liberated, but M. Charles de Lesseps has still to serve the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced for corruption.

The drought in France is so excessive that farmers are compelled to sell their cattle, and the price of meat has fallen. The Chamber has, in consequence, suppressed the Customs and the warehouse duties on forage for a time.

The Paris Labourists strongly resist the action of the Government to enforce on the trade unions the law of official registration.

The ex-manager and the cashier of the Bank of Naples have been condemned respectively to ten years and to six years and eight months' imprisonment, for embezzling nearly two and a half million lire from the Rome branch of the bank.

The barristers of Spain have protested against the proposed suppression of the District Criminal Courts by a general strike.

The Chicago Exhibitions authorities are beginning to look into the matter of expense. It has been suggested that the salary list might be cut down from 850,000 dollars a month to not more than 400,000. Messrs. Dredge and Harris, the British Commissioners to the Exhibition, were entertained at a banquet last week before leaving for London. The failure of the attendance at the Fair to come up to expectations has caused several bankruptcies among Chicago projectors, who had built hotels and cottages, which the myriads of visitors were to occupy.

The financial situation in America continues to cause very great anxiety, and western savings banks are suffering from a sort of panic that has set in.

The Cunarder Servia has had quite an adventure. On Wednesday morning she ran into and sank a 1900-ton American ship laden with chalk for New York.

The proprietor of the *Ustaz*, a seditious Cairo journal, has been ordered to leave the country. In a farewell issue he accuses the *Times* and the *Daily News* of raising an outcry against it, and falsely accusing it of religious fanaticism.

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



## OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Prince of Wales, as Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, will, on Saturday—St. John the Baptist's Day—unveil the memorial at the historic St. John's Gate to the late Duke of Clarence, who was the first Sub-Prior of the Order since its incorporation under royal charter. The gateway once formed the entrance to the famous Priory of Clerkenwell, founded in 1100. It was the head-quarters of the Order in England up to the time of the Reformation, and is one of the few remaining relics of Old London. In these latter days, however, it has passed through many vicissitudes, now as a storehouse, now as a printing-office, and now as a tavern. Its restoration is timely.

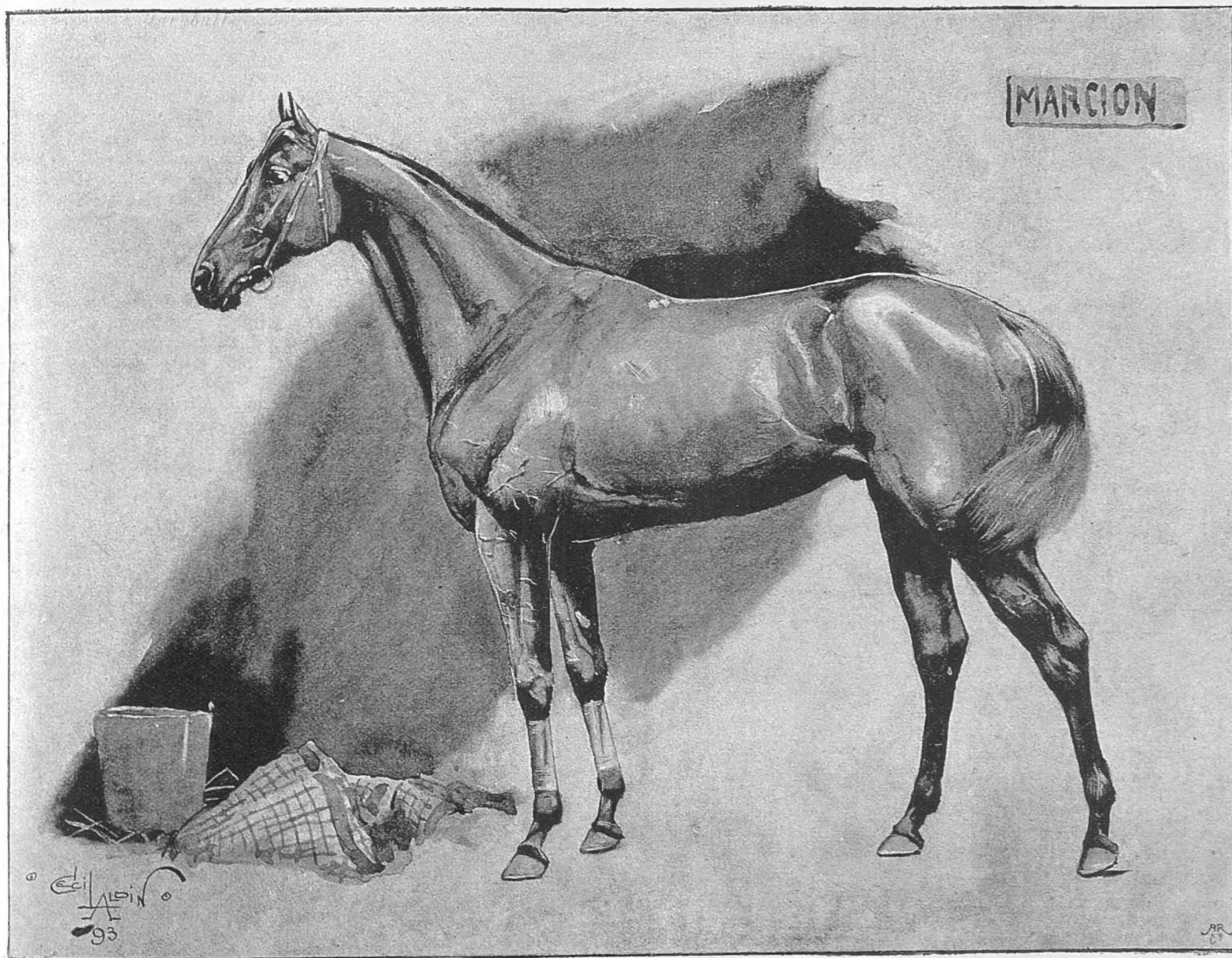
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields remembers the services of the late Mr. W. H. Smith with gratitude. In the parish church a stained-glass

the editor of the *North Bucks Times and County Observer* for libel. For speaking, among other things, of Mr. Leon's "ridiculous self-sufficiency and contemptible falsehoods" the paper has been mulcted only in £20 and costs. Mr. Charles Gatty, the Liberal candidate for West Dorset, has sued his successful rival, Mr. Henry Farquharson, M.P.

The Mayors of Liverpool and Manchester have now become Lord Mayors.

Lord Roberts, whom we are doing our best to fatigue, reviewed the Corps of Commissionaires on Sunday morning in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

"Speech Day" at Wellington College, on Saturday, derived special interest from the presence of the Prince of Wales, and the fact that it



MARCION, WINNER OF THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT.

window was recently placed in his honour, and now an admirable bust of the deceased statesman has been unveiled in the new municipal buildings of the parish. Mr. A. J. Balfour, who unveiled the bust, referred to Mr. Smith's cultivated business capacity as one of the secrets of the great political force he became in London.

Two new second-class cruisers were launched last week. The *Charybdis* and the *Fox*, launched at Sheerness and Portsmouth respectively, are each 320 ft. long by 49 ft. 8 in. wide. Both are armed with three 6-in., eight 4.7 in., and nine 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and the cost of each is nearly a quarter of a million.

There is quite a little list of political odds and ends to record. Mr. John Morrough, the Anti-Parnellite member for South-East Cork, has resigned his seat, partly because he wants to attend to his personal concerns in South Africa (he is a partner of Mr. Cecil Rhodes), and partly because of recent incidents in the Nationalist party. The Government has lost a seat in Louth, where Captain Hope, the Conservative candidate, has beaten the Gladstonian by 169. At the General Election he was beaten by Mr. M'Lagan by 161; but there was a far heavier poll this time.

Two curious political libel actions came before the Law Courts on Friday. Mr. Herbert Leon, the Liberal member for North Bucks, sued

was the last appearance of the head master in his official capacity. Mr. Wickham received very high compliments on his twenty years of service in the school.

**LYCEUM.**—MR. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager. MATINEE of BECKET To-day, Wednesday, at 2. BECKET, by Alfred Lord Tennyson, To-morrow (Thursday) and Friday Night, at 8.20. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, next Saturday Morning, at 2. THE BELLS, next Saturday Night, at 9.10. Preceded, at 8.20, by A REGULAR FIX. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 till 5. Seats also Booked by Letter or Telegram.—LYCEUM.

**NEW DIRECT EXPRESS SERVICE** to the CONTINENT, via the Great Eastern Railway Company, HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND, at cheap through fares, daily (Sundays included). Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8 p.m., and the principal Northern and Midland towns in the afternoon. Dining Car between York and Harwich, via March. Passengers are due at Amsterdam at 8.26 a.m., Cologne at 2 p.m., and Berlin the same evening. Through carriages to Germany run alongside the steamers at the Hook of Holland.

ANTWERP, via Harwich, every week-day. Hamburg by G.S.N. Company's steamers, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all parts of the Continent. Guides, time-books, and information at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

**QUICK CHEAP ROUTE** to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG.—The United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen Steamers sail from Harwich (Parkston Quay) for Esbjerg, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9.3 a.m. Returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the steam-ships *Koldinghus* and *Botnia*. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.



## AN INFORMAL ACCOUNT OF ASCOT.

I am almost sorry I promised to send you an account of Ascot. I will tell you why later on. It is possible to have a crumpled rose-leaf even at



this lovely place. I should think it would be hardly possible for it to be much hotter in India. One sees so many friends it is impossible to see much of the most interesting ones. It is like a huge picnic. The air is deliciously fresh, notwithstanding the heat, and the whole thing most picturesque. As far as I can judge, almost every regiment seems to have a drag. Of course, the dresses were as varied as the hues of the rainbow—some, to my mind, a great deal too elaborate for out of doors. I liked the white dresses best. I suppose very bright colours seemed inappropriate to the tropical heat. A great many people wore a pretty shade of yellow and mauve and very pale grey. A man who has been at Ascot for years tells me this is a record meeting. Never has there been such glorious weather during the whole time, and for many years there has not been such a Cup Day as Thursday. The excitement was intense when the royal party arrived. I hardly know who was most enthusiastically welcomed, Princess May or the Princess of Wales. Princess May wore a very becoming pink dress; Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein wore white.

The one criticism in the arrangement, I hear, is that the course ought to have been in a much better and smoother condition. As it was, it was as hard as iron, and this fact prevented some of the owners of crack horses allowing them to run. Those who came up from town every day say that the railway company deserve great credit, a new special train starting directly one had left. The attendance on Thursday, they say, is the largest ever known. A horse belonging to Baron de Rothschild, called Amandier, won the Royal Hunt Cup, and the Gold Cup was won by Marcion, belonging to Mr. Vynner. I was very sorry the horses were obliged to go at such a pace on such a ground in intense heat and dust; but I think the real crumpled rose-leaf in the enjoyment of the brilliant scene, and the pleasure of meeting everyone, hearing delightful music, and the gay scene altogether, is the betting. There were a number of quite young girls who went in for betting—girls who were quite nice in other ways, but it does prevent one feeling perfectly happy to wonder if it is quite right to be there at all; though it would be so difficult to resist going another year, there are so many tempting things if one can stay at Ascot. I think the men often persuade the girls to bet, but I don't fancy they really respect them for saying yes. Perhaps they don't think that, although they may be able to stop directly they have spent all they can afford, their example may induce another girl to lose too much. A middle-aged lady was saying that the more charming and interesting a girl was, the more power she had for untold good or evil, and was shocked at the idea of any well-brought-up woman of any age betting, even for a pair of gloves. A.

The accompanying picture by W. Small illustrates an excellent article in *Harper's Magazine* for July on "Three English Race Meetings." It is from the pen of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who made good use of his eyes and ears when visiting this country. The young editor of *Harper's Weekly* gives a very interesting account of the Derby, Ascot, and Henley.



From Harper's Magazine.

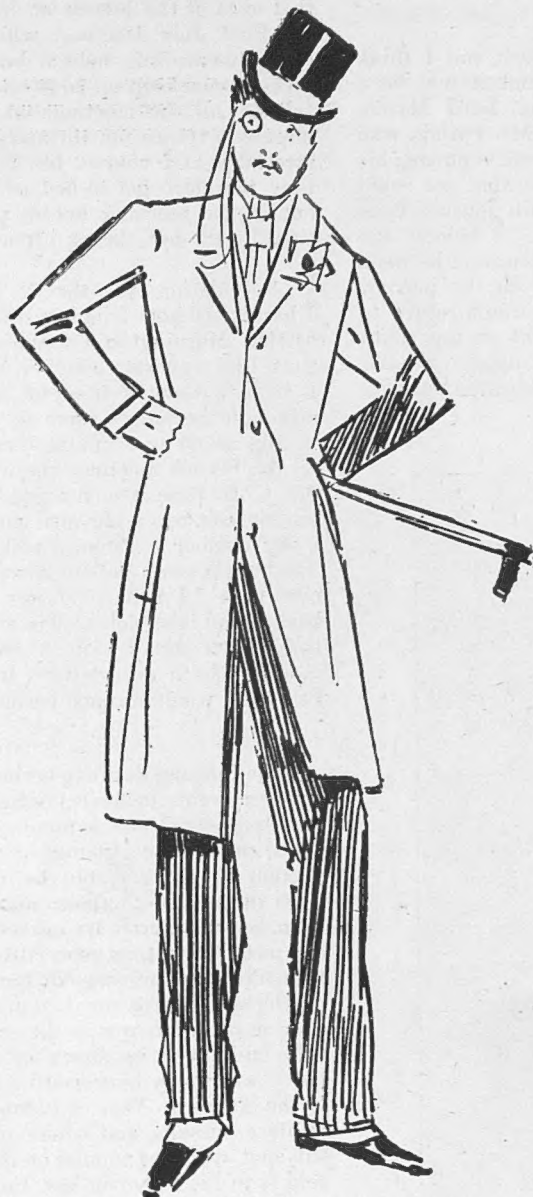
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SKETCHES AT ASCOT.



A SPECTATOR FROM THE  
COUNTRY.



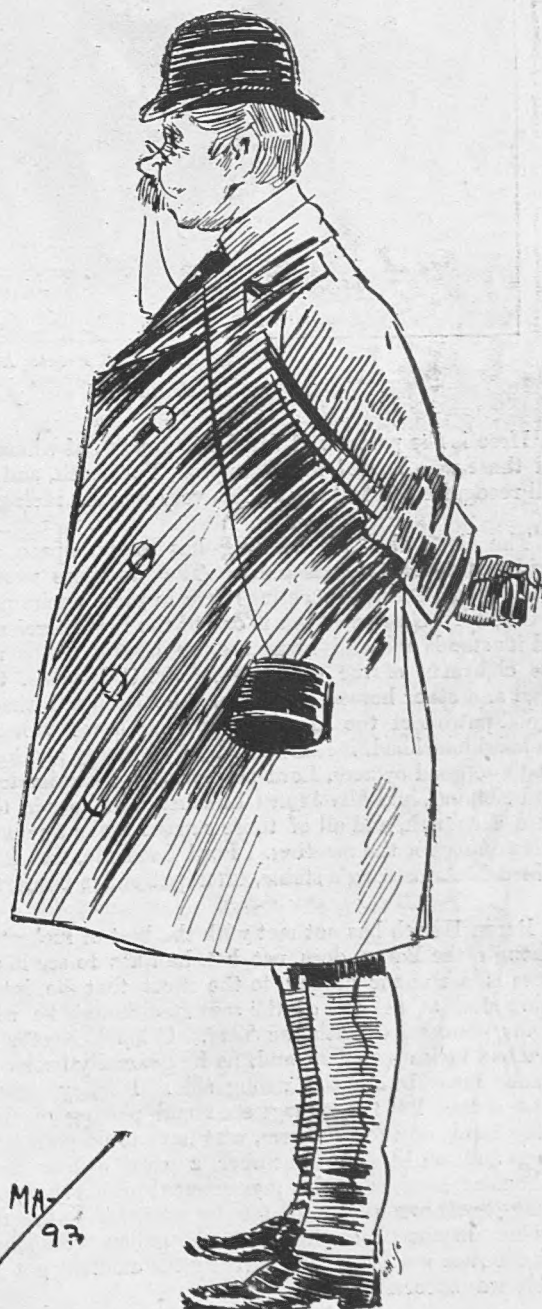
FROM BELGRAVIA.



THE FAVOURITE.



"OH! 'ENRY."



"ONE WHO KNOWS."

PYIL MA-  
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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The entries received for Goodwood are highly satisfactory, and I think the Ducal Meeting this year will be a big function, and it will be a thing to remember if the Duke of Richmond, his son, Lord March, and his grandson, Lord Settrington, are all present. Mr. Forbes, who manages the estate and is Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, is putting his track in order to show us some good sport. It is a pity that we could not ride right on to the course by train, as the long uphill journey from Chichester is a terrible ordeal for the poor cab horses. I believe the railway this year will make an attempt to do the journey between London and Chichester in record time. If they could do the journey in anything under an hour and a half, many hundreds would return to London each evening in preference to staying the night on the south coast. As it is, there is a big demand for the fortnightly circular tickets which admit of travel between London, Brighton, Lewes, Chichester, and all intervening stations.



Photo by E. Hawkins, King's Road, Brighton.

MR. E. S. BROWN.

Here is the portrait of Mr. E. S. Brown, of whom I wrote last week. All those who attend the Plumpton, Yarmouth, and Salisbury Meetings will recognise the features of this very popular racing official.

The Gosforth Park Meeting has grown apace, and now pays good dividends to its shareholders. The directors were wise in putting a stop to the coursing meetings held in their enclosure, as they savoured of cruelty. Gosforth Park is one of the best racecourses in the country, and its stands and club-house are the largest to be met with anywhere. The chairman of the company is Mr. C. Perkins, the owner of Dare Devil and other horses, and it must be admitted that Mr. C. Perkins is a good patron of the meeting. Seeing how few horses are trained in the neighbourhood, it is strange that the fields at Gosforth are so large; but those good owners, Lord Durham, Lord Londonderry, Lord Hastings, Lord Zetland, and Mr. James Lowther, like to see their colours carried in the far north, and all of those named make a point, when possible, of entertaining for the meeting. Lord Lonsdale, too, who has a few horses trained in Armstrong's stable, often patronises Gosforth Park.

Baron Hirsch has not met with the best of luck at racing of late, and, although the Baron does not bet, he likes to see his colours successful. There is a rumour abroad to the effect that he intends selling off his racing stud at the end of the season, although he will not entirely give up his connection with the Turf. Colonel North, too, has met with wretched luck up to now, and, as he generally backs his own horses, his balance must be on the wrong side. I fancy some owners would do better if they left the management and placing of their horses entirely in the hands of their trainers, who have to do with the animals morning, noon, and night. I remember a case a few years back where a millionaire gave over the management of his stud to an amateur. The young gentleman used to dictate by telegram to the trainer every day as to what distance each horse should gallop. So long as he did so not a single race was won, but directly the amateur got tired of his job the stable was successful.

There will be a large gathering at Sandown this week, and I hear that most of the houses at Newmarket will be occupied next week for the First July Meeting, which, in the opinion of many, is the most enjoyable meeting held at head-quarters during the year. Many of the jockeys who keep up large establishments at Newmarket have their houses full for all the meetings taking place there, as they have to entertain largely in return for themselves being housed and fed when at the out-meetings. Of course, the "hosts" are up betimes, riding trials, and they therefore get to bed early, but many of them are unable to turn out in the morning before partaking of the cup of tea and a biscuit, this, by-the-bye, being often their solitary morning meal.

Speculation over the St. Leger is likely to become very tame, and I hardly see how Isinglass is to be beaten, barring accidents. Ravensbury carried Mornington Cannon very well in the Grand Prize, and the colt runs like a thorough stayer, so he may have to be reckoned with yet. I believe Cannon thought he had won the French race by a neck, although the judges came to a different conclusion, after a consultation lasting nearly ten minutes—rather an unusual proceeding, seeing that at all the French meetings the winning number goes up so smart as a rule. Mr. C. D. Rose is such a good sportsman that many of us would like to see his colt win a big race, and it is gratifying to know that he is not a shy finisher. Raeburn will not be suited by the Doncaster course, but Tanderagee may get the distance, and it is certain The Jew will at his own pace. I believe Messrs. Arthur Cooper and Johnny O'Neill have backed the Irish colt to win a big sum, and the gentlemen named do not throw their money away. So long, however, as Isinglass keeps well the race will be a dead-letter; but with the favourite out of the way the St. Leger would at once become a big betting race.

The burning desire to become a landed proprietor, once so strong in this country, seems to have mightily cooled down of late years. Hardly a week passes without a number of fine and interesting estates being put upon the market, many of which, in spite of the eloquence of the auctioneer, never reach the comparatively moderate reserve price put upon them. Of the large number of historic mansions that have lately been, or will shortly be, offered to the public, one of the most picturesque and most interesting, especially to sportsmen, is "The Oaks," near Woodmansterne, on the verge of Banstead Downs. It was here that that Earl of Derby who was the founder of the Oaks and Derby Stakes at Epsom once resided. It was in the earlier half of last century that "The Oaks" was built by a syndicate of gentlemen known as the Hunters' Club, but it was vastly improved by General Burgoyne, the leader of our army in the American War of Independence, who was as fond of literary as of military pursuits, and whose play, "The Maid of the Oaks," written on this spot, was once popular on the boards of Old Drury. General Burgoyne sold it to his father-in-law, the eleventh Earl of Derby, and it remained in the Stanley family till 1834. It was afterwards bought by two gentlemen rejoicing in the aristocratic names of Joseph Smith and John Jones, who divided the mansion into two without destroying the architectural effect, married two sisters, and if, as the fairy stories say, they did not "live there happily ever after," at any rate, resided at "The Oaks" in much comfort for a number of years.

There has really been of late an extraordinary immunity on our silver Thames from boating fatalities. The fact is that this confirmed habit of dry weather has made the river so wonderfully shallow that though on Sunday there is as great a crowd as ever, and the percentage of clumsiness displayed is no smaller than of yore, the chance of getting oneself drowned is reduced to a minimum. When the keel of the boat is within an inch or two of the bottom the veriest tyro can hardly contrive an upset; and as to displaying one's ignorance of swimming, that is out of the question. The said clumsiness is more often than not one of the peculiar attributes of the sterner sex. "The jolly young water" women "feather their oars with a skill and dexterity" above reproach. In this, as in other things, the ladies are nowadays able to give us a lead. There are plenty of male *habitués* of the Thames who might be proud to possess the skill and the staying powers of that excellent all-round sportswoman, Lady James Douglas, who was, a Sunday or two ago, in splendid form near Maidenhead.

At a sailing match, the other day, a lady—not remarkable for her knowledge of seamanship—was heard to explain to a friend that "a yacht was a thing with one mast"—a definition which, if not very comprehensive, certainly could not be contradicted. Yachting men have been watching with great interest the matches between those two splendid "things with one mast" each, the Britannia and the Valkyrie. At present it is difficult to decide which is the better boat, but the knowing ones incline to Valkyrie—at any rate, in light weather. Let us hope that the knowing ones are right, for Valkyrie is to represent us in the great international race for the America Cup, and we shall all be delighted if we wrest it from our Yankee cousins, and if the victor's laurels are won by such a thorough sportsman and kindly gentleman as Lord Dunraven our delight will be by no means lessened.

The Alhambra has engaged "The Marvellous Pantzers," who have created quite a sensation on the Continent. The "Chicago" ballet now begins at 8.30, and the new grand romantic ballet, in four tableaux, entitled "Fidelia," follows at ten o'clock.





FLIRTING AT THE GRAND PRIX, PARIS.

I.—HE AND SHE.

II.—SHE AND THEY.



## SMALL TALK.

Sir William Fraser, who, in his newly published book, "Hic et Ubique," has once again drawn upon his apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdote, is a born raconteur. None of us who have met him but has been liberally entertained or instructed by his caustic wit and his wonderful knowledge of the politics, the society, and the art of the last half-century. Sir William is a familiar figure at the West End, and I really am inclined to believe that, like the Christy Minstrels, he never leaves London. He is one of the most regular members of the Carlton. Without its Sir William Fraser that aristocratic club-house would resemble "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark on leave of absence.

"Mine is a very difficult part, and what I want the critics to say about it is that it would be nothing in less experienced hands." Such is

the quaint comment with which Master Harry Rignold accompanies in a marginal note his song in the Savoy opera, "Jane Annie"; and he has hit the nail on the head exactly in this criticism, in which one traces the caustic touch of Mr. Barrie. Master Rignold is a born actor. This may be said in all literalness, for he comes of one of our best known and oldest theatrical families. Except his appearance, there is nothing juvenile about him. He made his debut in "Jane Annie," but even on the first night one could not trace a symptom of nervousness. His voice is round and full, except perhaps in his song, in which there is just a suggestion of overstraining. There can be no



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.

MASTER HARRY RIGNOLD AS CADDIE IN  
"JANE ANNIE."

doubt that Caddie is the best drawn figure in "Jane Annie," rivalling Mr. Barrie's delightful creation of W. G. in "Walker, London." But Master Rignold makes the part far more notable than it would otherwise be, as he well knows—*vide* his marginal annotations.

Our Brighton correspondent writes—

Brilliant sunshine, pretty women, and smart toilettes have done much to distract the Prime Minister's thoughts at Brighton from Home Rule. Church parade was rendered doubly attractive when it was known Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and their grandchild were to be seen on the sea front. Mr. Gladstone was looking remarkably well, and apparently enjoying a well-earned rest. For once the Brightonians put on their best behaviour and forbore to mob him. Among the gay throng were Lady Morell Mackenzie and her son, Earl and Countess Compton, and many other well-known faces.

The musical world has gained another "child wonder" in the person of Anna Hegner, a charming little violinist of twelve years. She made her first appearance in public at Brighton last week with conspicuous success, and rendered several solos and duets with brilliant execution and artistic finish. Her brother, Otto Hegner, who accompanied her as pianist, played with more spirit than usual; but he has grown ungainly, and his hair, which resembles a wig, adds to his odd appearance.

Despite the long drought, the Hove Golf Club links were found to be in a very creditable condition on the opening of the club last week, when over a hundred members were entertained at lunch. Some of the members' friends, apparently, were not well versed in the popular game, for one lady was heard inquiring for the horses and carriages which were to take part in the driving competition.

"All things come to those who wait," and it is satisfactory to know that the new pier will be finished in 1896. It is now at a standstill for want of funds. One feels impelled to ask who wanted the pier? The improvements to the West Pier, which are now completed, give general satisfaction, as they include a dancing saloon and landing-stage for the Calais boat.

It was a relief to escape from brilliant sunshine to the shady foliage of the Pavilion Grounds, where the Corporation band was *en évidence* at the promenade concert, and gave an excellent selection of music. The prevailing topic of conversation was the royal wedding, which I overheard several ladies discussing with interest. The idea of giving a royal holiday to the poor children of Brighton in the recreation grounds will assuredly find favour with Princess May.

They are having some very pretty quarrels at Chicago. There are the "powers that be," in the first place, who quarrel over the awards, and who—tell it not in Gath!—are not indisposed to quarrel over the perquisites. The history of the "concessions" is yet to be written.

Then there are the women for whom the much-talked-of Woman's Building was erected. These ladies quarrelled, and are still quarrelling. Mrs. Ernest Hart hath her feud with Lady Aberdeen, and we have two Irish "model villages." Whether the dainty milkmaids who preside over these establishments have it out nightly with shillelaghs the cable as yet telleth not. But the World's Fair women quarrel, anyway. They quarrel as to who shall sit next to Lady Aberdeen, as to who shall be the first to be introduced to the Duchess of Veragua, &c. "The meeting dissolved in tears" is the pathetic conclusion of one report. But it were better thus.

Most serious of all the quarrels is that at the British Commission. Under the head of "Englishmen at Odds," the *Chicago Tribune* prints a long account of the feud between Mr. James Dredge and Mr. Walter Harris on the one side and Sir Trueman Wood on the other. From the moment that the Commissioners arrived in Chicago they seem to have found cause of complaint. Sir Trueman Wood, on account of his knighthood—your American adores a title, and a knight is peculiarly his soul's desire—has rather posed as the British Commissioner at the Show, instead of being merely the Commissioners' secretary, and this has not unnaturally irritated these gentlemen. The matter reached a crisis on the Queen's Birthday, when the Commissioners gave a banquet at the Virginia Hotel, Chicago, with Mr. Harris in the chair and Sir Trueman Wood absent.

If Sir Trueman Wood's unpopularity were confined to his Commission, the public might stand aside and wonder, but unhappily there is a strong feeling among the British exhibitors that they have not been well served. "I do not care a straw about the quarrel between Sir Trueman Wood and his Commission," writes one of the most important of the British exhibitors, "but I do care that we have not been effectively served at the World's Fair. Sir Trueman Wood has been extensively engaged in doing the honours of the Victoria House, but I am not aware that any one of us who exhibit has reaped a single benefit from the structure, which cost £20,000 out of the grant. I think I was asked to luncheon on the opening day, but I know that the invitation was given in so supercilious a manner that I was glad to refuse. Sir Trueman seems to consider that the Fair and its British section were made for his benefit, and not for the nation's. He has not been made to realise that he is simply the clerk to the Commission and nothing more. Then, again, look at our exhibits as a whole compared with any other—I do not mean as regards their extent and value, but as far as concerns that portion which was under the control of Sir Trueman Wood, the general design. Whereas France and other nations have a perfect arrangement of exhibits with a noble frontage, our exhibitors have been permitted to follow their individual whims, and the result is utterly degrading to Great Britain. Nothing would induce me to exhibit again under similar circumstances."

It struck me as a particularly pretty sight at the Fire Tournament last week to see Lillie Smith, aged eight, the little daughter of Mr. Smith, of the head-quarters' staff, seated at a grand piano in the vast area of the Agricultural Hall, filled with thousands of spectators, on which she accompanied, with the greatest precision, the musical drill of fifty or sixty stalwart firemen.

Another sight worth seeing, apart from the regular scenes in the arena, was the picturesque grouping of the officers of the International Fire Brigade Union as they lounged about or sat round little tables in the open-air enclosure devoted exclusively to their use. They had just returned from lunching with the Lord Mayor, and the gay ribbons of their numerous decorations gave an additional note of colour to the red plumes, crimson breeches, and bright swords which distinguished the majority of the foreign visitors. Captain Hale, of Kansas City, the inventor of the water-power elevator, was in a dark blue uniform, and wore a conspicuous "order" edged with diamonds, with an automatically revolving brilliant in the centre, under the outspread wings of the American eagle. Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, late chief officer, wore his silver helmet as a mark of sympathy with the cause, and he seemed as satisfied with the success of the tournament as was Captain Simonds, the present head of the Metropolitan Brigade, while Mr. Langstaff, of the French contingent, chatted with Captain Leach, chief officer at Wimbledon, near to the "parked" engines on duty.

Genial Mr. Merryweather showed me the little silver model of the "Greenwich" fire-engine, forming an inkstand, stamp-box, and pen-tray, which is to be presented by the M.F.B. to Princess May on her marriage. It is shortly to be photographed, and will, doubtless, appear in these columns.

The handicraft taught the two eldest sons of the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway is carpentry. Their grandfather, King Oscar, has presented them with a complement of tools. King Oscar, by-the-way, has given a sum of £300 from his privy purse towards a Swedish expedition for the exploration of Tibet, under Dr. Sven Hedin.



Neither the legal technicalities of the Sutherland law-suit nor the expert opinions as to the rental value of Tittensor Chase, the property in dispute, nor the evidence of the bank as to the ability of the Dowager Duchess to pay such rental out of her separate estate was of much interest. The right of driving in Trentham Park is, I imagine, the crux of the whole business, and the Duchess followed the case each day with unflinching attention, and certainly looked never a jot the worse for her recent incarceration in Holloway Castle. The grounds and glades of Trentham are very beautiful, the prospects very charming, and it is natural that the Dowager Duchess should be unwilling to relinquish the right of enjoying them. On the other hand, the new Duke may very possibly consider, in the case of his stepmother, good-looking woman as she is, that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

Audience is a noun of multitude, but there has not been a great deal of multitude about the audiences that have given their support to the dramas of Ibsen in this country, and it is doubtful if La Duse's interesting but unequal performance of Nora, the petulant mistress of that dramatist's "Doll's House," is likely to add to the number of his metropolitan admirers. It is hardly surprising that the spectators of the play at the Lyric seemed puzzled how to receive what the actress herself, with all her versatility, appeared equally puzzled to pourtray. La Duse's southern nature seems to be unable to absorb, or, at any rate, to express, the qualities of a character so enigmatic as this extraordinary psychological study of a young woman. The remarks of the audience were varied and peculiar, but hardly more varied and peculiar than those of the critics whose professional duties have compelled them to put their opinions of the performance into black and white.

The other afternoon I had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Albert Goldsmid, just returned from his sojourn in Argentina. The gallant Colonel neither looks nor seems any the worse for the roughish time he has had. He speaks cheerily of the future of the Jewish colonies in a country so naturally rich and productive. It was interesting to hear his account of the new city of La Plata, a city planned and partly built when the province of which it is to be the chief town was bursting with supposed prosperity—"too big for its boots," in fact. The magnificent streets, squares, and private and public buildings in their partly completed state seem to suggest some vast city of the dead. People complain of house rent in London, but landlords in Buenos Ayres have a much higher old time than our metropolitan owners. One thousand per annum was the rent asked for a good house in that city, while a few miles out one has only to pay a beggarly £400 or so.

The air in these latter days has been thick with begging letters on behalf of Prince George and Princess May. That "petitionary grace" so gracefully associated by the late Laureate with "sweet seventeen" has been assumed with more or less success by men, women, and children, by lords and ladies of high degree, by mayors and corporations, by secretaries and societies, clergy and laity, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The seed of requests has been sown, and the harvest of wedding gifts will, I think, be plentiful. What is more, I am glad to be able to state that we Londoners are probably to have an opportunity of seeing them all displayed in their pomp and pride in some public building sufficiently large for them to be shown to the best advantage.

Even in this land of freedom a man may not always do what he likes with his own. The tenants for life of such properties as the Marlborough pictures and the Savernake Estate were obliged to consult the Courts before they parted with their historic possessions, and without the sanction of the majesty of the law must have remained their unwilling owners. Mr. Bumble declared that "the law's a hass," and I doubt not that Lord Francis Pelham Clinton-Hope holds very much the same opinion as Mr. Bumble. Lord Francis, who is a younger brother of the Duke of Newcastle, and the owner, through his grandmother, of the magnificent Hope collection of Dutch pictures, would gladly have parted with these gems of art to Mr. Wertheimer, of Bond Street, for the insignificant trifle of £80,000. The Duke, to whom this remarkable collection may possibly revert, was unkind enough to oppose the sale, and actually accused his brother of extravagance. In this the learned judge unfortunately concurred, and his Lordship, who is not unknown in theatrical circles, may console himself for the loss of a prospective £2000 a year, which is easily got rid of, by a study of wonderful Dutch interiors that no one—not even himself—can take from him.

The new opera, "I Pagliacci," seems to lose none of its popularity by repetition. At Covent Garden, the other night, though the house that listened to the charming music of "Philémon et Baucis" was thin enough in all conscience, it filled up wonderfully for Leonecavallo's work, and the big audience, which included the Duchess of Edinburgh and her daughters, followed the incidents of the up-to-date Italian tragedy with unbounded enthusiasm. I confess I should like to see Madame Calvé as Nedda, but the singing of Madame Melba leaves nothing to be desired. Her woodland song in the second scene was magnificently rendered, and evoked a perfect storm of applause, though the Australian *prima donna* wisely refrained from giving it a second time. With such admirable exponents of their parts of slighted lover and injured husband as Ancona and De Lucia to supplement the performance of the heroine, the opera is an artistic treat not to be lightly missed.

A faint and pleasant aroma of the Lyceum and "Ravenswood" clung about the performance of "St. Ronan's Well" at the Trafalgar Square Theatre on Monday afternoon. The heroine of that novel bears a good deal of resemblance to the like ill-starred Lucy Ashton, and as the dresses used on this occasion were, it is stated, lent by Mr. Henry Irving, it is no wonder that the faded brocades and tarnished embroideries of "Ravenswood" should carry their message. As for the plot of "St. Ronan's Well"—that much canvassed novel, the child of Scott's decadence—it will be remembered that he himself wrote two endings, one to please Ballantyne, one to please himself, and we cannot say that Messrs. Pollock and Davey throw much light on the subject. The plot remains more of a mystery than ever in their hands. Miss Annie Rose, who undertakes the part of a heroine, is totally unsuited to it in the matter of physique, but we are bound to say she makes the best of it. She dresses the tragic, soul-tortured Clara Mowbray like a Dresden-china shepherdess, in delicate, doll-like white draperies and crimped mob cap. It is very pretty, but hardly appropriate. But the greatest surprise of all is when Miss Sylvia Grey, the dainty, the lady-like, the exquisite Sylvia Grey, comes on as the deserted girl, Hannah Irwin, in rags and ill-fitting boots and graceless Paisley shawl, and proceeds to hurl at the top of her voice such accusations as these at the Earl of Etherington, "You, you are my destroyer!" An unexpected change in the cast is responsible for this extraordinary aberration on her part. She was to have been Maria, and to have vouchsafed us a dance. No doubt, she greatly preferred giving us, for once, a taste of her tragic quality. To say that it is not as good as her dancing is hardly to dispraise it.

Signor Mascagni is at present in London, and has been rehearsing. He is of an excitable nature, and keenly enjoys merriment. He has a love of gorgeous raiment, and occasionally is dressed in a brilliant scarlet coat. Mascagni is always ready to acknowledge the debt of gratitude he owes to his friends, in particular to that great helper of young composers, Signor Sonzogno. All those who admire his operas will anxiously await further triumphs from one who so rapidly has achieved success. The other day his music was being simultaneously performed in the programmes of three European Courts. This opera season will be memorable for the brilliant throng of singers who have interpreted the works and also for the visits of the two young composers, Leonecavallo and Mascagni, both of whom may be expected to figure in the history of the century's music.



Photo by Guignoni and Bossi, Milan.

SIGNOR PIETRO MASCAGNI.

The very ancient Barony of Berkeley, created nearly five hundred years ago, which has been in abeyance since the death of the sixth Earl of Berkeley, in 1882, when the earldom passed to that nobleman's cousin, has at length been formally declared to be vested in the person of Mrs. Louisa Mary Milman, wife of General Gustavus Adolphus Milman, and niece of the sixth Earl of Berkeley. Since the time of the Plantagenets the Berkeleys have figured in English history, and it was James de Berkeley to whom Mrs. Milman has, in technical language, been declared the "general heir," who, on Oct. 20, 1421, was summoned by writ as Baron Berkeley. It was not till 1679 that the titles of Earl and Viscount were bestowed on the Berkeley family. Considering the limited number of peeresses in their own right, the announcement is decidedly interesting.

People were, if anything, a little bored, we fancy, by the performance of the Comédie Française on Monday night. The "Maison de Molière," of course, thought it their duty to give us a solidly classical programme for the first of the series. Forewarned, forearmed; parents rifled their boys' and girls' bookcases of those little well-thumbed blue volumes with marginal notes which make Racine and Molière a by-word in the little impatient world of school, and read and re-read Mr. Tarver's argument, so carefully adapted to the meanest and most obstinate of intelligences, of "Les Plaideurs" and "Le Malade Imaginaire," in the hopes of throwing some light on the inexplicable manœuvres of the Argans, the Bérardes, the Cléantes, who, in their hideous and appropriately lugubrious costumes, come and go on the tame and unvaried scene. There is very little food for the eye, and we are quite sure that a large percentage of the frivolous audience echoed Mlle. Barretta's remark in "Les Plaideurs," "Les anciens—sont les anciens!" and sighed for one of the giddy social comedies of Halévy or Pailleron, promised them later on.



*Toujours perdrix* is not always an attractive menu, but the experiment of giving a programme selected exclusively from the works of Johannes Brahms was distinctly successful, for Princes' Hall was crowded to its fullest capacity on the 13th. Mr. Ernest Fowles and Mr. Whitehouse were heartily applauded for their artistic and careful rendering of the sonata in F for piano and 'cello. Miss Liza Lehmann sang the cradle song, "Die Blümelein sie schlafen" in so beautiful a style as to make an encore inevitable, and she repeated the last verse. The twenty-five variations and fugue in B flat on a theme by Handel were finely played by Mr. Ernest Fowles, save for the tiresome habit of raising the hands high in the air *à la* Paderewski. The theme, like a golden thread, wandered through the rippling music, and every variation was followed with great interest. In the second part of the programme Herr Joseph Ludwig, Mr. G. W. Collins, and Mr. Leonard Fowles appeared, while to Miss Lehmann's songs additional merit was given by Mr. Henry Bird's accompaniments.

Mdlle. Reichenberg is one of the leading members of the talented Comédie Française company, with which she has been connected since the



L'oto by Van Bosch, Paris.

MDLLE. REICHENBERG.

age of sixteen. The compliment of becoming a *sociétaire* was accorded to her five years later. Her elocution is as delightful as her acting

The Musical Artists' Society, which "affords opportunities to composers for the performance of their works," gave their sixty-fifth concert on the 12th at St. Martin's Hall. I don't know if all the members of the society are composers and performers, but, at all events, the programme was interesting, without being remarkable. Three commonplace pieces for the violin were played with good method by Miss Wignall, and Miss Dora Bright can be safely congratulated on her interpretation of Mr. Erskine Allon's pleasant Suite in F minor, though the finale was somewhat violently rendered. Miss Van Senden gave a pretty song, "On a Faded Violet," by E. H. Thorne.

It is not easy to see why the Independent Theatre Society chose to give a performance of Browning's "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," a work already proved to be essentially undramatic, despite its splendid literary quality. To sit through a mediocre performance of such a heavy work on a lovely hot afternoon was too much for human flesh. However, there were some very creditable performances noticeable, that of Miss May Harvey, an actress unknown to us, who, though her work suffered from want of training, showed signs of real intelligence which, aided by a charming person, should push her far in her profession. Mr. Louis Calvert, too, though far from realising the part of Tresham, gave a very respectable performance. We hope the society will turn its attention to plays of a less exhausting character to the audience.

The greeting which the Comédie Française gave to London on Monday week was a remarkable spectacle. The company, fifty-two strong, and composed in equal numbers of *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires*, attired in their scarlet and ermine robes as the learned *dramatis persone* of Molière's "Intermède," formed a large semicircle on the stage. In the middle, flanked by the busts of Molière and Shakspeare, Mdlle. Reichenberg appeared to speak Jules Claretie's "Salut à Londres." Mr. Frederick Weatherley paraphrased it, perforce, as he explains, "in a few hours from a manuscript in some places not quite legible," as follows—

'Tis twenty years since first we came,  
Children of Molière's master art,  
To speak to you in his great name  
And show his genius and his heart;

And thrice within these twenty years,  
Thrice have we braved the tides that flow,  
To claim your laughter and your tears,  
And London will not bid us go;

London, whose heart is open wide,  
Home of the peaceful and the free,  
Who took us to her mother-side  
In gentle hospitality.

London, whose name we often bless,  
Ah, nay! we bless it evermore;  
She sheltered us in our distress,  
In that dark hour when life was sore.

O glorious city, hail to thee,  
Where all thy throbbing millions meet;  
Like waters of thine island sea,  
We hear thy giant heart-strings beat!

We greet thee, London, one and all,  
Thine honours thrill the actor's heart,  
And so we come unto thy call,  
In name of Paris and of Art.

Hail, Shakspeare's England! proud domain,  
In Corneille's name we speak to thee,  
Where Genius takes and gives again  
In sweet divided sovereignty.

Proclaiming, far from envy's smart,  
Invincible in power and pride,  
The free exchange of works of art  
Across the sea-wind and the tide.

And in this land once more are we,  
Where friendly eyes upon us glance,  
And speak in England old and free  
The free and ancient tongue of France.

O golden nights! O festal days!  
Farewell the clouds of war and wrong,  
The truest hymns that peace can raise  
Speak in the poet's burning song.

To chase all bitter hate away,  
The storm and tempest of the years,  
What can be mightier than the Play,  
Its laughter bright, its tender tears?

O nations, ye whom glory binds,  
Eternal are your works of art!  
O brotherhood of lofty minds,  
That link'st the nations heart to heart!

The poets, through the centuries,  
Uniting all their gifts of song,  
Are one in likeness, being wise,  
One in completion, being strong.

See yonder, in his exile stern,  
Our Hugo, lord of gloom and mirth,  
Has taught our hearts to love and learn  
Your Shakspeare who has giv'n him birth.

Lady Macbeth and Rodogune  
Spring from the self-same parent tree,  
Jessica by the still lagoon  
Brings Doña Sol to you and me.

Nay, sometimes, too, the poet's art  
Creates a character sublime,  
A type that touches every heart  
In every place, for every time.

A heritage to all men free,  
So true to nature and so known,  
That strangers, rivals though we be,  
We each can claim it as our own.

Thus, England, Shakspeare gave to thee  
Ophelia weeping through her hours,  
Singing her mystic threnody  
And dying ere her dying flow'rs.

And yet in France we claim her too  
And bend to her the reverend knee.  
We claim her by her rose and rue,  
By love's sweet tale and poesie.

Yes, she is ours! she charms us so,  
In her Rosette awakes once more,  
We see the smile amid the woe,  
Our gold-haired maid of Elsinore.

And so to-night she comes to you,  
Our own Ophelia at your call,  
Proud of the homage that you do,  
To give you greeting for us all.

The rosemary she bids you take,  
Flow'r of remembrance, sweet and true,  
In France's name, for Shakspeare's sake,  
To speak of us to-night to you!

\* The first visit of the Comédie Française to England was in 1871, the year of the Commune.



OUR ARTIST AT THE CIVIL SERVICE SPORTS.



SOME OF THE JUDGES AND OFFICIALS.

OUR ARTIST ENCOURAGES WILKINS IN THE MILE.



GRACE!

BREDIN.

Who ran 600 yards in  
1 min. 11 2-5 sec.

WILKINS.

Winner of the  
mile race.

WHITTINGTON.

Winner of the  
120-yards open race.

DAVISON.

Winner of the boys'  
race.



A VARIED EXHIBITION OF STYLES IN WALKING.



HURDLING.





MISS HAROLD.

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

BY MR. A. PASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The minor poets and their publishers have been busy this fine weather. I have four of their volumes before me. Considerable thought has been given to the outer raiment of all of them, a circumstance which rouses hope or suspicion, according to the reader's mood. Madame Darmesteter's verse appears in the mignonette-and-white of the *Cameo Series*; Miss A. de Cruchy's has a cinnamon-coloured dress and an Elkin Mathews title-page; the Hon. Rollo Russell's is wrapped in unobtrusive blue, with a golden sunrise at one corner, while Mr. Rhoades's modestly, but not inartistically, presents itself in brown paper wrapper and very uncut edges. The beauty and originality and sobriety of these verse-books are not merely external.

Madame Darmesteter (Miss Mary Robinson) is an old friend, and inside her mignonette-hued cover one is sure to find something not only to admire, which is easy, but to like, which is much more difficult. She is quite clearly on the right side of the barrier that parts minor poetry from minor verse. Her "Retrospect, and other Poems" (Unwin) you can read through in less than an hour. But if you do not yawn as you read, it is not because of the thinness of the volume, for her poems have the interest of real feeling. The ballads and legends, "The Death of Prester John," "Rosamunda," "Sir Edric," "The Three Kings," and the rest, have abundant spirit and colour, but the real poetic value of the collection is in the lyrics at the beginning of the volume. There are pictures in these, too—in "The Children's Angel," for instance, a tale from life, presumably, of the painted angel of the huckster's booth, the joy of the "impudent, blithe, delighted, unafraid" children of Clermont, in Auvern.

Amid sterner themes, like "Zeno" and "Irenæus contra Gnosticos," she gives us glimpses of country life in France and England with truthfulness and grace of expression. English scenes as remembered under a foreign sky are loving memories to her—

O mistier fields! O tenderer light!  
I pause awhile and sigh.

There is less simplicity, there is even a little posing, perhaps, in Miss Augusta de Cruchy's "Under the Hawthorns" (Elkin Mathews). But posing is not necessarily insincere, and her poems are not insincere. They are only over-eager for effect, and their voices and gestures are hardly under sufficient control. But in spite of an element of weakness, they are poems, and poems with much beauty and tenderness about them too—"The Old Garden," "Polly," and "Dreams" are all good, and "The Seasons" show that the writer learnt her poetry out of doors—

Woods for the spring! the stirring, waking woods,  
Gardens for summer! homely village plots,  
For autumn moorland, sun-warmed and caressed,  
And what for winter? Why, the lone sea-shore;  
The sandy waste puts forth nor bud nor leaf  
For frost to smite, no promise unfulfilled  
Vexes us here, the sea suffices us,  
The patient, the wise, companionable sea.

There is no magic in Mr. Rollo Russell's "Break of Day" (Unwin), but there is respectable, sincere, sober-minded verse. The writer has a love for humanity and has trust in its future; but it is love for humanity in the abstract one feels in his verse more than for human things. Like all the others, he sings of Youth, but there is no charm in his way of recalling it or in the tune he sets it to—

Growing tranquillity, loveliness, rest,  
Setting of sails for the land of the blest.

So jogs his verse.

With grave themes like "The Death of Socrates" and "Giordano Bruno" he succeeds better, and, though in these poems there is more fine language and fine sentiment than poetry, they never descend to mere empty rhetoric. Shades of Heine and Goethe, forgive him for his sins of translation!

Mr. Rhoades has been too lavish with the verses he has packed into his brown paper volume "Teresa, and other Poems" (Longmans). He has contracted the bad habit of writing verses on what would be called "various occasions," when he visits famous places or reads in the newspapers that important personages have died. And these poems sometimes take the aggravated form of sonnets. This is a pity; they make dull spots in a book that need not have been dull. "Teresa" is a thirteenth century tragedy, and yet it is not dull. Mr. Rhoades has something to say, and he has a pretty lyrical gift; and if he had had but the nerve to burn a few of his manuscripts one would have read his volume through with unqualified admiration.

The passion for starting new magazines seems to be a little abated. So far, I have only heard of one, or at the utmost two monthlies to be started in October. A very popular humourist is contemplating the issue of a new weekly.

Mrs. Henry Norman (Miss Menie Muriel Dowie) is leaving her charming home at Barnes, Surrey. Mr. and Mrs. Norman will in future reside in town. Mrs. Norman is at work upon two novels, O, O,

## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The labouring classes of Australasia lack capital, says Mr. J. J. Kingsbury, the representative for North Brisbane in the New South Wales Assembly, simply because they choose to spend rather than save. He estimates that the labourers of Australasia could accumulate within the next five years more than enough capital to enable them to contract for the whole of the railways which Queensland proposes to build during that period at a cost of more than £12,000,000.

The wool export of Australasia last year was 729,695,412 lb., weighed in the grease, which fetched £24,243,168. The average weight for sheep was very nearly 6 lb. New South Wales exported 331,980,550 lb., and the next highest exports were from New Zealand, 128,887,519 lb.; Queensland, 114,370,902 lb., Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania following with decreasing quantities.

The colony has been carrying on a series of successful experiments in afforesting the interior of the colony. A special feature is the splendid condition of the date palm, which is found to bear fruit sooner than in Egypt or India. The colony, by-the-way, has just experienced the heaviest general rainfall recorded for many years. Food and water are plentiful everywhere.

The New South Wales Parliament has been prorogued until July 4. Sir Robert Duff, the Governor, after referring to the banking crisis, expressed the hope that the negotiations for subsidising the direct Australia-America steamship service would result in the establishment of commercial relations for the mutual advantage of both countries.

The butter export trade in New South Wales continues to receive great attention in the colony. The Premier of the colony, in answer to a deputation that recently waited on him, promised that the Government would support a Bill introduced by the representatives of the dairying districts by which a small tax of from threepence to sixpence per head might be levied on dairy stock, with the object of placing the export butter trade on a sounder basis than it occupies at present.

The bonus system in vogue in Victoria to encourage the export of butter is not an unmixed blessing. Although it has given the dairying industry of that colony a distinct impulse, it has induced a fraud by which New Zealand butter is purchased by Victorian dairymen for export, in order to reap the Government bonus. New Zealand has no bonus system, but there has been a tendency there to send inferior lots of butter to this country, which the Otago *Witness* thinks will rouse "British prejudice" against the product.

Victoria has good cause for retrenchment. It is estimated that the financial return for the year ending 30th inst. will show a deficit of about £1,068,000, to say nothing of the debit balance of £960,000 brought over from last year. The Government propose reducing the departmental estimates for the coming year by £855,000.

Rumours are still afloat, and are still strenuously denied, that tuberculosis is prevalent in the Dominion. There is no doubt, however, that the crop prospects are magnificent.

American fishing vessels are following the mackerel along the Nova Scotia coasts, and taking the risks of fishing in prohibited waters. One schooner, fishing within two miles of the shore, has been captured by a British cruiser.

A scheme has been adopted by the Egyptian authorities for the establishment of a system by which the native tribunals and the police may work harmoniously. Great confusion has hitherto existed with regard to the powers of the two bodies.

Small-pox has now broken out at the Geldenhuis main mine in Johannesburg. The Government have voted £5000 to prevent the spread of the disease. The outbreak at Perth, Western Australia, has been stamped out, and the quarantine restrictions are being removed.

There is a movement in Sydney to give a testimonial to Sir George Dibbs for his prompt action in dealing with the financial crisis in the colony.

"It is universally felt that India has been treated very unfairly." So says the *Times* Calcutta correspondent, speaking of the feeling on the subject of home charges, especially the excessive cost of the India Office establishment, the working of the Store Purchase Department, and the contributions levied on the Indian Treasury by the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Foreign Office.

Sir J. W. Downer, the South Australian Premier, has resigned in consequence of the motion for adjournment brought forward by Mr. C. C. Kingston to ascertain whether the Ministry commanded a majority in the House. Mr. Kingston has formed a new Ministry.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

George Lohmann, the famous Surrey cricketer, has returned home from the Cape greatly restored in health, but he expects to play in very few matches this summer, and at the end of the season hopes to return to South Africa.

The "Man from Sheffield" has long been notorious, and the county cricket ground at Sheffield, known as Bramall Lane, is fast earning a similar, unenviable name. It may be remembered that when the Australians played Yorkshire on this enclosure less than 100 runs was obtained by either side in each innings, and when Surrey went down there the other week on county championship honours intent the same thing occurred. It was next to impossible to get runs, while bowlers mowed down wickets almost at will. Considering that both matches were played in good weather and century scores were frequent, and many everywhere else, it must, I think, be admitted that there is something radically wrong with the ground at Sheffield.

I do not blame the Yorkshire authorities for the state of the ground. I believe they have returfed it twice or three times within as many years in the hope of getting it up to concert pitch, but all



Photo by R. H. Lord, Market Street, Cambridge.

MR. K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

sportsmen will blame Yorkshire if they continue to play first-class matches at Sheffield, when it has been amply demonstrated that the ground is unfit almost for Saturday afternoon cricket. It is, perhaps, rather hard on the Sheffielders that they should be deprived of first-class cricket; but when a first-class match is all over in little more than a day they will not lose much. Yorkshire have plenty of grounds to chose from. There is a lovely enclosure at Headingley, near Leeds, with facilities for accommodating 30,000 people, and at Bradford, where the Australians played their return match and ran up an enormous total, the pitch is as perfect as could be desired.

It is enough to say that Surrey were defeated at Sheffield by 58 runs, and that the bowlers on each side were given an unfair advantage for making favourable averages. Wardall, for instance, who seemed to get as much work on the ball as George Lohmann at his best, obtained nine wickets for 19 runs. The Surrey pair, Lockwood and Richardson, were also very successful.

Our friends the enemy from Australia continue to show in-and-out form, and, on the whole, are rather disappointing. At least, they are not all our fancy painted them after the glowing descriptions that were cabled over just before their arrival. At one time matters looked very sultry for the Cornstalks in their match against the Varsity at Cambridge. The Light Blues obtained such a lead in the first innings that they compelled the Australians to follow on, but at the second time of asking the visitors put on the fine and large score of 319 runs. This left Cambridge 226 to get to win, but the task was all too great for them, and they were ultimately defeated by 117 runs. Strange to say, the batsman who most distinguished himself on the Cambridge side was

K. S. Ranjitsinhji, who batted in magnificent form in both innings, and obtained 95 runs for once out.

Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji, for his consistent cricket, has just been awarded his blue, and I believe this is the first time that an Indian prince has had such an honour conferred upon him. Yet no man ever deserved it better. His form all through last season was something quite exceptional, especially with the bat. He scored 2409 runs in fifty-three innings, which, I believe, is almost, if not altogether, a record for a Varsity batsman.

It sometimes happens that a man who does very well in college matches fails when he is brought into first-class cricket, but this has not been the case with Ranjitsinhji, who, when brought face to face with the best bowlers of England and Australia, has shown an amount of pluck and resource that is the envy of many of his college companions. He has recently had the honour of being selected to play for a representative South of England eleven against the Australians, and it is just possible that higher honours await him. He also makes an excellent change bowler, and his fielding is characterised by great neatness in picking up, fast returns, and a safe pair of hands. The peculiarity of his name is somewhat trying to his college chums, who somewhat irreverently call him "Smith," and his Highness, like a true sportsman, takes to the new translation of his name with great good humour.

As the Inter-Varsity match draws near, one is tempted to guess at the probable composition of the rival elevens. I think the Light Blues will be pretty near the mark if they play the following team—F. S. Jackson (captain), A. J. L. Hill, J. Douglas, L. H. Gay, C. M. Wells, P. H. Latham, H. R. Bromley-Davenport—all of whom are old Blues—with T. N. Perkins, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. O. Jones (seniors). The eleventh place may be given to T. Burrough, freshman.

The Dark Blue eleven will, in all probability, be something like the following—L. C. H. Palaret (captain), C. B. Fry, F. A. Phillips, V. T. Hill, J. B. Wood, W. H. Brain, and T. S. B. Wilson, all of whom are old Blues; with L. C. V. Bathurst, L. C. N. Palaret, H. D. Leveson-Gower, and H. Arkwright.

The only notable thing about the Australians in their return match with the M.C.C. at Lord's, when the visitors were defeated by seven wickets, was the success of Storer as a wicket-keeper and C. J. Kortwright as a bowler. W. G. Grace was in great form with the bat, and his double scores of 75 and 45 contributed greatly to the victory of his side. J. J. Lyons, who appears always to come off at Lord's ground, gave an excellent display of batting for 83 and 45.

The Australians are due at Gravesend to-morrow, where they meet the men of Kent. The latter have hardly accomplished anything to justify the hope that they will hold their own against the visitors, although the "glorious uncertainty" of the game is such that the weaker team might be landed on the right side.

Surrey will have an opportunity of getting their revenge when they meet their old friends and rivals of Middlesex at Lord's to-morrow. The last match at the Oval, it will be remembered, ended in a rather easy win for the metropolitan county by seven wickets. Middlesex are a particularly strong batting side—when at full strength—this season, and much will depend upon whether the Surrey bowlers meet with their usual success or not. Perhaps Lohmann may lend a helping hand in this match, and, if so, his tricky medium-paced bowling will offer a sufficient contrast to the lightning deliveries of Lockwood and Richardson.

Notts ought to improve their championship record after meeting Gloucestershire at Bristol to-morrow, if the scoring does not run so high as to prevent the match being finished. The century scores of Shrewsbury, Gunn, and Barnes in the recent match at Brighton, by the time they occupied, no doubt, robbed the Midlanders of a victory. Lancashire will give Oxford a practice match, and Sussex will do ditto for Cambridge.

Next Monday will be commenced the All England v. Australians match for the benefit of Arthur Shrewsbury. The home team is virtually the full strength of England, and with equal luck should win. It is to be hoped that the beneficiary will do something worthy of his great reputation in this fixture. Kent will meet Lancashire at Tunbridge on the same day, and Cambridge University will make their first visit to London to meet the M.C.C. Oxford will engage Sussex at Brighton.

## ATHLETICS.

Records in athletics have been falling in most remarkable fashion. C. E. Willers recently reduced the four miles running record to 19 min. 33 4-5 sec.; E. C. Bredin covered 600 yards in the record time of 1 min. 11 2-5 sec.; while Godfrey Shaw got over 120-yards hurdles a yard inside of 16 sec. A. W. Harris reduced the cycle five-miles record to 12 min. 9 sec., and G. P. Mills travelled from Land's End to John-O'-Groat's on a tricycle in 3 days 16 hours 47 min., beating all previous records for any class of machine by over seven hours.

Great disappointment was felt when it became known that, owing to the N.C.U. making it a condition that he should ride other than a Raleigh bicycle, A. A. Zimmerman would not take part in this season's championships. With nearly all the other crack riders similarly barred, the championships were little more than a farce.

OLYMPIAN.



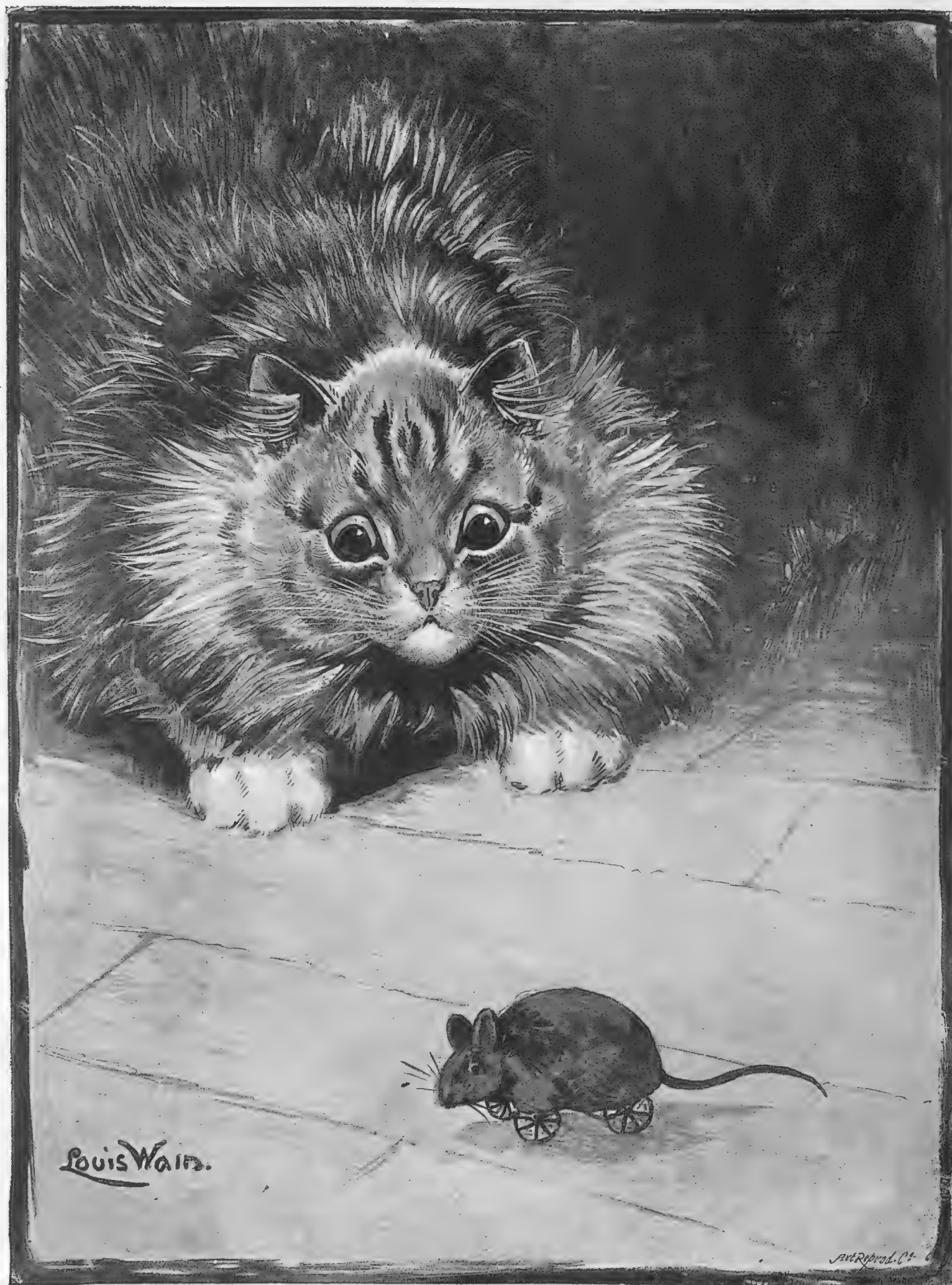
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DEAR FRIENDS

Miss A. : " Oh ! I 've been shopping all the morning—buying a pair of boots."  
Miss B. : " That 's rather an extensive purchase, is it not, dear ? "





AN INTRODUCTION IN MINIATURE.





SOLD, BY JOVE! AT THE BAL MASQUÉ.

The gentleman who at supper found out he had been flirting with his own wife all the evening.





A POEM.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.



## PREPARING HIS GROUND.

FIRST TRAMP : " D' jeer, Bob ? 'Ow did yer know we shed find sech a nice lot o' old silver at this 'ere 'ouse ? "

SECOND TRAMP : " Put a advertisement in the noocepaper, o' course, orferin' five pounds a hounce for old silver : and this 'ere gent as lives 'ere was one of them as arnsered it."





HE : " You spent over £900 last year on dress, which is simply enormous for people with our moderate means. I cannot imagine how you can do so, and yet profess to love me ! "

SHE : " My dear Timmy, if I did not really love you, it would have been double. "



CLERGYMAN (lately come to the parish): "Your neighbour, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish."  
 FARMER: "Ah! you needn't mind 'im, Sir; 'e's merely a mouthpiece for other folks."





THE ART OF THE DAY.



LE CHAPEAU NOIR.—P. A. HAY.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET, S.W.



## ART NOTES.

Still the little galleries open and shut and receive their little coteries of admiring visitors, while the dominant exhibitions of Burlington House and Regent Street continue to overwhelm the suburbs and the casual visitor to London. The most interesting of very recent exhibitions is that of Mr. E. J. Van Wisselingh, who has on view at his gallery in



"FATHER, I HAVE SINNED."—ALFRED PRAGER.

Exhibited at the Nineteenth Century Art Society, Conduit Street, W.

Brook Street a series of water-colour drawings. One has long known Mr. James for an artist; his exhibition of flower studies, two years ago, was alone sufficient to prove that, and on this occasion he comes with a combined exhibition of flower and landscape.

Upon a general view of these pictures, one may, perhaps, be permitted to wish that Mr. James were by intention a stronger draughtsman than he proves himself to be. He seems very often to despise the elements of drawing. He contents himself with a patch of colour, as it were, thrown upon his paper pell-mell, to represent an important detail, the design of which should necessarily be more carefully elaborated. But, this quality apart, he has and displays many gifts that are delightful to any spectator that has a care for an artistic sense. His "Venice" (5), for example, is full of a certain shining freshness of space; his "Tufted Pansies" (6) is painted with singular delicacy of feeling, and his far distances and his sense of soft light are very notable in "Trebiano, from Barcolo" (29). Sometimes he seems wilfully eccentric, as in a little sketch, "San Pietro in Castello," which, conceived with significant intentions, only succeeds in being impressively blank. Sometimes his subject is too full, as in "The Port, near Venice," which distracts one on account of its too abundant detail. Last and best, we should select "Evening—Venice" (51), which is finely harmonised and related in sun and shade, in its golden lights, in its soft water, in everything.

There is a funny little exhibition now on view at Messrs. Dickinson and Foster's Gallery in New Bond Street, representing in three or four canvases various views of Henley Regatta. The figures reclining or sitting immovable in the boats are supposed to be portraits of actual people who have taken part in that notorious festival. There is no particular character in any of the faces so portrayed; there is no movement, either in the air, the sky, the earth, or the waters under the earth. They may be historically interesting, but (quoth the Raven) "Nothing more."

Another meritorious exhibition is now on view at the Japanese Gallery, in New Bond Street. Three

works by Mr. William E. Norton please us the most among this collection. His "Among the Fishermen," a Boulogne scene, though strongly reminding one of Mr. Chevallier Taylor's work in the same town, is very cleverly painted, and shows a mastery over grey lights that is almost engrossing. Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Patient Toil" is also cleverly painted, but parts of it are distinctly thin. Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton proves interestingly enough how far he is indebted for his accomplishment to the influences of Constable, and there are one or two *genre* pictures, about whose merits we should prefer, on the whole, not to speak.

The first instalment of the Baring pictures has now been sold by Messrs. Christie, and the results of some of the sales are highly interesting. The "Daphnephoria," about which Mr. Holman Hunt made recently so preposterous a fuss—but has he not been punished enough already by public opinion?—sold for £3937; a Holman Hunt, "The Hireling Shepherd," went for £414. The largest price given was for a Gainsborough, a portrait of Mrs. Drummond, Thomas Harley's daughter, which went to Mr. Agnew for £7035. A Van Dyck and a Titian went respectively for £105 and £115—strange sums beside the Gainsborough!—and a Constable, "Hamstead Heath," realised £2677. Turner's prices are still as high as of old, a Yorkshire drawing, "The Falls of the Tees," realising £771.

The artistic tea-party chronicle will presently have to record the annual meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute, which will take place in London from July 11 till July 19. Lord Dillon, who is to preside, will deliver his address at the Guildhall on the first day of meeting, when the Lord Mayor is to receive the Association. On the same day, to take a specimen, the Charterhouse, St. Bartholomew the Great, and St. John, Clerkenwell, will be visited, and in the evening, at the Guildhall Museum, a soirée is to be given by the Library Committee of the Corporation. The programme is not frantically exciting, but these meetings serve to foster a community of spirit among artists and archaeologists which is not without its uses.

The *Studio* is very largely concerned this month with photography in relation to art. Mr. Andrew Pringle regards photography as a fine art which is still a juvenile. The illustrations to his article, taken from photographs which want the ordinary photographic look, go far to support his contention. Then there is a sort of round-table conference on the question, "Is the camera the friend or foe of art?"



L'ECOUTEUSE.—LENDEN L. POCKOCK.

Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, W.



LE BON BOURGEOIS.—H. BRISOT.  
INHABITED AT THE PARIS SALON.





LE RETOUR AU PORT.—G. HAQUETTE.  
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER, BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE, PARIS.



## A SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

## A CHAT WITH MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON.

Even as the door of the spacious, airy house in one of London's most quiet and leafy squares opens, *The Sketch* interviewer hears far above, in ringing harmony, an exquisite rendering of one of the airs which Madame Sigrid Arnoldson has made even more popular and beloved than it could



Photo by Nadar, Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, Paris.

MADAME SIGRID ARNOLDSON AS CARMEN.

yet claim to be among music-loving folk, and the smiling maid, finding it impossible even to essay the fiction of her mistress being, perhaps, "not at home," leads you straight up into a large sitting-room, where you find the *diva* and her husband, M. Alfred Fischhof, ready to receive and welcome you.

"I suppose you know that I am a Suédoise?" Madame Arnoldson begins, in the soft, pure French which has almost become her native language, so much does she love and is beloved in the land of Bizet and Gounod. "My father was the first tenor at the Royal Opera House in Stockholm, so I was brought up in a thoroughly musical atmosphere, and, indeed, cannot remember a time when I did not sing and play. When I was sixteen I went to Berlin in order to become the pupil of Madame Artôt de Padilla, and it was while studying with her that Christine Nilsson heard me, and wrote about me to Maurice Strakosch, her own old master, and who also, you know, trained Adelina Patti; indeed, she was his first, and I his last, pupil."

"Yes," chimed in M. Alfred Fischhof; "only the week before he died Strakosch was interviewed, and specially mentioned Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, and Madame Arnoldson as having been his three greatest pupils, although he may be said to have taught most of the noted songstresses of the day."

"He took me to Paris," continued Madame Arnoldson, "where I also studied; but I made my *début* in Moscow in 'La Traviata,' coming from there straight to London, where I sang during the whole Jubilee season at Drury Lane in 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia' and 'Don Giovanni'; then I obtained the great pleasure of going home to Sweden, where I made a most successful tour, finally coming back to Paris, where Mignon and Lakmé proved my most popular rôles. I sang Mignon nearly a hundred times in Paris."

"I notice, Madame, that most of your rôles belong to French or Italian composers. Have you ever tried Wagner?"

The Swedish Nightingale laughed gaily. "I have the greatest admiration for the Master, but I care too much for my voice to begin singing his music yet awhile. In my last season, as Madame Patti is

reported to have said she intends to do, I may try some of Wagner's rôles; but till then I have no fancy for destroying my vocal chords."

"Have you any special theories as to how the voice should be trained, and as to where the would-be *prima donna* should study?"

"In the old days, of course, Italy was considered to be indispensable; I do not believe this to be in the least the case now. There are practically only few great teachers of singing left; the best can but tell you what to avoid, and not, as did the great ones of old, what to achieve. I should say that a modern artiste should do her best to work alone; there is a great deal to be done by ordinary intelligence."

"Do you practise much?"

"Every morning I run over my scales to keep my voice supple, and, of course, I am always singing, as much for my own pleasure as for exercise; but, still, I do not believe in over-straining the voice."

"Now, we have talked enough shop; let me show you what will, perhaps, amuse you, my autograph book." But first M. Fischhof showed me, with legitimate pride, the beautiful *Literis et Artibus* Order conferred on his wife by King Oscar of Sweden, whose great love for arts and letters is well known, and of whom Madame Arnoldson speaks with the most vivid personal affection and loyalty.

Then the beautiful white, vellum-bound book was brought forth from its dainty covering, and glancing over its pages one could not but think that the day will come all too soon when Madame Sigrid Arnoldson's small but choice collection of autographs will be worth far more than their weight in gold; for here we have an original autograph poem by Alexandre Dumas *filz*, a man who can rarely be persuaded to own that he has ever even tried his pen at verse. Then there is a page of manuscript music, with the words added, "To the charming Baucis, who does not require to become once more beautiful," signed "Gounod"; a pen-and-ink sketch of Joseph Israëls, the great Dutch painter, by himself; a page of compliments signed "Sarah Bernhardt"; lines by Verdi, Liszt, Renan, Massenet, and Salvini; an amusing pun, "Au Rossignol, un vieux Coq-elin"; one of Zola's tortuous sentences setting forth that "Art is a corner of Nature seen through an artistic temperament"; an eloquent passage in prose on "The True and Beautiful in Life and Art" by Henrik Ibsen, with whom Madame Sigrid Arnoldson is very intimate; and last, but not least, some very fairly turned verses by the immortal Blowitz himself, who, to judge by this specimen, must employ the leisure left him by his arduous duties as Interviewer of Princes and Prince of Interviewers in learning the gentle art of Erato. Indeed, one cannot do better than quote the verses, which certainly sum up with singular felicity the peculiar charm of the lady who shares with Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson the title of the Swedish Nightingale.

A SIGRID ARNOLDSON—MIGNON.

Quel Dieu met dans ta voix la gamme de l'amour?  
Qui fait dire à tes yeux ce que ton cœur ignore?  
Ce n'est pas ton présent; il compte à peine un jour.  
Ce n'est pas ton passé; tu n'en as pas encore.  
C'est peut-être demain, qui te guette au détour—  
Mignon, ton cœur sommeille, en attendant l'aurore.

Janvier, 1888.

BLOWITZ.

## THE POETS IN BOOKLAND.—V.

(The property of a Gentleman who has given up collecting.)

Oh, blessed be the cart that takes  
Away my books, my curse, my clog,  
Blessed the auctioneer who makes  
Their inefficient catalogue!

Blessed the purchasers who pay  
However little—less were fit—  
Blessed the rooms, the rainy day,  
The knock-out and the end of it.

For I am weary of the sport  
That seemed a while ago so sweet,  
Of Elzevirs an inch too short,  
And first editions—incomplete.

Weary of crests and coats-of-arms  
"Attributed to Padeloup,"  
The sham Deromes have lost their charms,  
The things Le Gascon did not do.

I never read the catalogues  
Of rubbish that come thick as rooks,  
But most I loathe the dreary dogs  
That write in prose, or worse, on books.

Large paper surely cannot hide  
Their grammar, nor excuse their rhyme.  
The anecdotes that they provide  
Are older than the dawn of time.

Ye bores, of every shape and size,  
Who make a tedium of delight,  
Good-bye!—the last of my good-byes.  
Good night! To all your clan good night!

ANDREW LANG.

"The Library," December 1889.

## CRIME AND CRIMINALS.—I.

## A CHAT WITH CHIEF INSPECTOR LITTLECHILD.

A stone-grey door in Scotland Yard still bears the name of Chief Inspector John George Littlechild, with the significant monogram "C.I.D.," encircled with a neatly elaborate arabesque of flourishes, reminding of the days of our fathers, when quill pens were in vogue,



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. LITTLECHILD, EX-CHIEF INSPECTOR.

and florid designs of cygnets and cupids adorned the fly-leaf of every orthodox copy-book, or figured ornamentally, touched up by the writing master, at the head of the fortnightly letter in which Master Hopeful eulogised the educational establishment of Dr. Birch and conveyed pathetic suggestions anent tips and a hamper. But the Criminal Investigation Department knows that alert and indefatigable detective no more, for in safeguarding the interests of others Mr. Littlechild has somewhat neglected his own health, and in unravelling the tangled webs woven by those who "practise to deceive" he has overstrained the network of his nerves, with the result that he has felt obliged to resign his position at the early age of forty-six.

It was not, therefore, in the head-quarters of the criminal-hunters at Scotland Yard that I recently had a talk with the ex-chief inspector, but in the pretty red-brick house, only a stone's throw from that part of breezy Clapham Common where the trees are thickest, that Mr. Littlechild has made his home, and to which he has now retired upon a well-earned pension, in the hope of recruiting his shattered nervous system.

Well-cut features, alive with quick intelligence, honest eyes which look one straight in the face, and a lithe, upright figure are the points which strike one as the ex-inspector comes into the room. The first impression which he gives is one of shrewdness and downright straightforwardness, and the second, "How utterly unlike a detective!"

A detective, that is, such as one is familiar with in the pages of Wilkie Collins or Charles Dickens, nearer, perhaps, somewhat to the *agent de la police secrète* of MM. Emile Gaboriau and Fortuné du Boisgobey, but, with it all, curiously unlike the popular idea of a detective, and more nearly approaching one's conception of a keen junior partner in a firm of up-to-date solicitors.

Adjourning from a cosy dining-room, the walls of which are covered with paintings which show that the exciting nature of his profession has not debarred Mr. Littlechild from indulging a taste for art, as well as cultivating his pure tenor voice, we find ourselves in his "den," in which he busies himself with a still pretty voluminous correspondence, and also with some literary efforts, which will result, no doubt, in some highly interesting reminiscences.

Souvenirs of his career are plentiful in the little room, ranging from photographs of his late colleagues and chiefs to such sensational items as a dynamite bomb and the album of James Carey, whose murderer, Patrick O'Donnell, was brought home by Mr. Littlechild.

A framed photograph, quaint and old-fashioned to a degree, attracts my attention, and I find that it is not only of peculiar interest, but paves the way for some curious comparisons between the old and new school of detectives.

"Ah," said Mr. Littlechild, "that is Charles Frederick Field, the 'Inspector Bucket' of 'Bleak House.' Charles Dickens knew him well, and the man with the fat forefinger, who was so sprightly with Miss Volumnia, and so gravely respectful to 'Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet,' spent many an hour slumming with the great novelist."

"And how did Mr. Field get his nickname?"

"Quite naturally. Dickens and he and some other men were in the editor's room at a big newspaper office before starting for the East End one hot night, and they were all invited to have something to drink. The glasses ran short, so Dickens, noticing a fire pail, or something of the kind, hanging against the wall, called out in his hearty sort of way, 'Here we are. Give Field some in a bucket!' That was the origin of 'Mr. Bucket.' Mr. Williamson gave me Field's portrait, and I value it much, for his sake as well as for the story attached to it."

"I suppose the qualities needed in an inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department to-day differ a good deal from those necessary in 'Inspector Bucket's' time?"

"Yes, in some points; but human nature, even criminal human nature, is pretty much the same always. It is the conditions, the surroundings, which are different. A detective should not be, as some people think he should, an extraordinary man, but an ordinary one with practical common-sense and a liking for his profession. With Talleyrand, he should say, 'Not too much zeal'; but it would not do for him to follow Wolsey's advice and 'fling away ambition,' or he would make no progress at all."

"Do you think there is anything in the commonly accepted idea that one 'can always tell a detective'?"

"Nothing at all. It is quite a mistake. I have had many instances to the contrary in my own experience. I was once on board a steamer coming from America with a forger in my care, and in order to let things go pleasantly all round I had asked the captain not to let it be known that I was on board. A very nice young fellow made friends with me soon after we left the harbour, and a day or two later he came up to me with an air of great mystery, and informed me that he believed we had a Scotland Yard detective on board. I was, of course, immensely surprised, and asked him to be sure and tell me if he discovered his identity. On the same voyage I had, in addition to my forger on the right hand, a young gentleman on my left who was suspected of murdering his father, a wealthy American banker."

"Does the modern detective rely to any great extent upon disguises or make-up, Mr. Littlechild?"

"To some extent, of course, and he should have a good deal of the actor in him. One of his most valuable talents is the power of looking like a fool while yet keeping his wits very much on the alert. By assuming an air of superhuman innocence or stupidity you may lure the deepest criminal on, as Perkyn Middlewick would say, until he falls headlong into your arms. A good detective is an actor—with a difference."

"That his acting is very real and very serious——"

"And very much more difficult. In a play an actor has every circumstance made to fit him, to play up to him, as it were, by an obliging author. The detective has to fit himself to circumstances. He begins in darkness and makes his way through obstruction. The public, even the judges and our own chiefs, often only see the result of our work."

"The prisoner, who was arrested by Inspector Blank"—that is all they generally see of it. They know nothing of the many devices adopted in putting together the thousand-and-one links in the chain which led up to the capture, the narrow escapes from utter failure, the intense and incessant vigilance which has been necessary; for sometimes a single turn of the wheel in chasing a criminal, and days and months of labour may be lost in a moment. Just as in chemistry an audience may see a vapour, a liquid, a crystal, a sudden flame of light, but they know nothing of how it was produced, so the public know nothing of the steps which led to the clapping of the handcuffs upon the wrists of a forger, or the slipping of the white cap over a murderer's head."



CHARLES FREDERICK FIELD,

THE "INSPECTOR BUCKET" OF CHARLES DICKENS.

A. G.



## THE SCHOOL "MARM" UP TO DATE.

## A CHAT WITH MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM.

Apart from her long connection with the Savoy Theatre—for she shares with Mr. Rutland Barrington the honour of being the oldest member in point of time of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's brilliant little company—Miss Rosina Brandram is one of the most interesting figures on the English



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS MISS SIMS IN "JANE ANNIE."

lyric stage, and a chat with her, whether in her own pretty home or in one of the cosy Savoy dressing-rooms, is always a pleasure, for her work has brought her in contact with many of the most striking personalities of the day, and, unlike many lady members of the profession, she has been able to find time to keep abreast of all that is being achieved and contemplated in other worlds besides her own.

The first few performances of a new opera are always attended with anxiety and heart-beatings to the principal performers, and Miss Brandram is no exception to this rule. It is easy to see that Jane Annie's schoolmistress takes her duties very seriously.

"Although the public have been always very good to me," she confessed, smiling, "I am so nervous, not only on the first night, but more or less all the time, that the strain makes me positively ill. Fortunately, my voice is an entirely natural one, and so is not unduly affected by whatever state of mind I happen to be in."

"But, I suppose, this very diffidence on your part adds to the naturalness of your acting?"

"Well, I do not know; it has been my luck always to be given more or less elderly parts. You see, a contralto has no choice; she must either act a boy's or an old woman's part. I am, as you know, Jane Annie's schoolmistress, the *prim* Miss Sims, and ought by this time to be quite familiar with the duties of the principal of a young ladies' seminary, for this is the third rôle of the kind I have taken."

"I suppose that in your parts, Miss Brandram, it must be no easy matter to preserve a mean between exaggerated farce and too solemn realism?"

"It very much depends upon what kind of piece I happen to be playing in; for instance, I had a delightful part in 'Haddon Hall,' and one which may be said to have been entirely serious. In the Gilbert and Sullivan operas a vein of sarcastic humour ran through every line. I think that each actor and singer should make a point of trying to see the subject from their author's point of view. If he or she cannot accomplish this, they will never really interpret him in a satisfactory manner."

"I suppose you yourself prefer singing to acting?"

"Singing comes to me quite as naturally as talking. I have always sung; but, you know, I was not intended for a professional career, and received a very elaborate vocal education both at home and, later, in Italy, without any thought of ultimately turning my talent to practical account. People have imagined that I was related to Mr. Brandram, the reciter; but, although we were very good friends, we were not connected in any way, and I think I may say that I am the only one of my family who ever went on the stage. I never was taught

acting, but, of course, I studied intensely by myself. People who come to see light operettas probably imagine that the performers have a much more easy time of it than those who take a part in regular operas. I should like to point out that this is a great mistake. If a *prima donna* has a good voice and a certain knowledge of acting, her path is clear before her. She does everything by rule and rote, and can hardly get out of the right path. But a light opera singer has to act, sing, and recite—to say nothing of dancing and all kinds of side business—equally well. Even the staid Miss Sims joins in the final dance in 'Jane Annie.' Oh, yes, many of us must envy the *prima donna* her comparatively easy life."

"Yet, I imagine, Miss Brandram, that you prefer your line of singing to any other, and if a would-be vocalist came to you for advice you could wish her no better fate than to become like yourself a star of the Savoy?"

"Certainly, I consider my own branch of the profession preferable to any other, and there can be no doubt that it is far the best line for a beginner to take up—that is, of course, always supposing that she has a good voice, a certain amount of dramatic talent, a natural gift for elocution, and her share of good looks. I myself at one time thought of becoming a regular operatic singer, and as I deliberately chose my present kind of work I can but speak well of it. But it is a great mental and physical strain, especially to an actress who throws herself heart and soul into her part."

"I believe that ballads are your *forte*?"

"Yes, I have always been very fortunate in my songs. As Miss Sims I sing a very pretty ballad, which has already, it seems, quite caught on. 'A Girl Again I seem to be' has just the semi-sympathetic touch which is always popular in a ditty sung by a woman supposed to be no longer in her first youth."

"Audiences," she continued, in reply to a question, "do not differ much at the Savoy; they appreciate the same points and ask for the same songs night after night. When a popular opera is on I receive scores of letters, some of them most extraordinary epistles, and more from women than from men. Not a few are from obvious lunatics, who apparently address me hoping to find a sympathetic soul to whom they can confide their troubles or imaginary grievances. Pure burlesque and comedy are always more popular than a semi-serious play; yet you will generally find that the performers themselves prefer an opera with some body in it. I need hardly add how fond I am of this theatre; it is in a certain sense quite like home to me. I am devoted to this little dressing-room, which I consider the best in the whole theatre, for, as you see"—and Miss Brandram, opening the door, showed me a vista of stage, wings, and machinery, within a few feet of where we stood—"I am practically on the stage, which is far pleasanter than having to run up and down draughty staircases and passages."

And so, bidding a cordial "*Au revoir*" to Jane Annie's delightful schoolmistress, *The Sketch* interviewer vanished.



"ALAS, 'POOR YORICK!'"

## MARRIAGE, AND THE REST OF IT.\*

## IV.

SCENE: Oak Library in Kensington Gore. The Hon. Jack Legion is writing letters, when Mrs. Legion taps at the door.

JACK (*with irritation*). Isabel, of course! It's an extraordinary thing that some women can't leave you to yourself for five consecutive minutes. There's nothing she can want. (*Loudly.*) Come in.

ISABEL. I hope I haven't disturbed you, dear? (*Mr. Legion ostentatiously lays down his pen, and waits for her to continue.*) Are you busy?

JACK. The fact that I am busy is obvious. What is it?

ISABEL. I only wanted to ask you if you wished particularly to go to the Wynstays' this evening, because, if you didn't, I thought I would send an excuse.

JACK. What for? What do you want to do, then?

ISABEL (*looking timidly at him*). It seems so long since we have spent an evening alone, Jack. I thought we might stop at home together.

JACK. If that is all, I should say it might have kept for half an hour. You needn't go out if you don't want to, of course; but I shall not be able to remain with you. I've promised to meet a man at the club.

ISABEL. And must you go?

JACK. Why on earth shouldn't I go?

ISABEL. Because—don't think me foolish and whimsical, dear—because I should so much like you to pass the evening at home with me. Just this once. I have a motive for asking you.

JACK (*testily*). It's a trifle obscure, dear. In plain English, what do you mean?

ISABEL (*advancing and laying a hand on his chair*). Jack, it may be only my fancy—I try to persuade myself it is—but, do you know, the thought will come to me that we are drifting apart, you and I—losing each other in the big world. I am only a woman, a very young woman, weak and silly perhaps, but I love you so dearly, so very dearly, and I can't let you go without a struggle! You are a very kind husband.

JACK. You foolish child, what's the matter with you?

ISABEL. I want to keep my lover, Jack! You are a very kind husband, generous and indulgent, but you are not my lover any more. I want to keep my lover.

(*Pause, wherein Jack beats a meditative devil's tattoo on the mahogany, and Isabel regards him with large-eyed irresolution.*)

JACK. There is an old adage to the effect that one can't eat one's cake and have it. Adapted: one can't have the privileges of a wife and the attentions of a fiancée. I am very fond of you, I'm sure.

ISABEL. You don't show it quite in the way you might, Jack.

JACK. A man can't go through life making speeches. You don't expect to find a bouquet on your pillow when you awake in the morning and an ode to your eyebrow on the breakfast-table?

ISABEL. You are quite right—I don't. But you were not ashamed of your love for me a few months ago.

JACK. I can reply with you—you are quite right, I wasn't! I'm not ashamed now. My dear little girl, you make me perfectly happy: I am jolly glad I married you, and if we were both single I'd marry you again. But don't expect me to talk blank verse to you like a man in a play, and remember that if they had seen the honeymoon out, and taken a house somewhere, Romeo would have preferred going in by the door instead of the balcony, and Juliet's demands on his fervour would have been reasonably abated. Romance is uncommonly good while you feel that way, but romance and matrimony don't mix.

ISABEL (*mentally*). How can he talk so! If he knew how it hurt!

JACK. Well, duffer?

ISABEL. Let us speak of something else. To-night you can't stay with me, then?

JACK. To-night, no. I have told you I have an appointment.

(*Isabel remains silent. He glances at her furtively, and, swinging round to the escritoire, resumes his writing.*)

ISABEL. By-the-way, there is something else I want, though it wasn't that I came in for. My cheques are all gone: can you give me one out of your book? I'll wait if your letter is important.

JACK (*without turning his head*). There's no necessity for that. Take it. It is in one of the drawers of that cabinet, and the keys are lying beside you.

(*She rummages in the cabinet, unearths a photograph in fancy dress and drops it as if she had been burnt.*)

ISABEL (*to herself*). A woman's likeness! "Jack, with a kiss from Dolly." Oh, God! (*She stands staring at it, with her cheeks white. The man's pen scratches away busily. In the house next door someone strikes*

up the "Wedding March" from "Tannhäuser" on a concert grand. Mrs. Legion suddenly explodes into an hysterical laugh, and catches at her throat.) And he married me only six months ago—only six months! "With a kiss from Dolly"—ha, ha, ha!

JACK (*still writing*). May I ask what you find so funny?

ISABEL. The shortness of your memory.

JACK. I give it up. What's the answer?

ISABEL. When a man has secrets he should remember not to give his keys to his wife. An appointment at the club! Oh, Jack, Jack!

JACK. Now, what the deuce do you mean by your innuendoes? (*Turns.*) What has come to you?

ISABEL (*abruptly*). Do you hear that march? They played it on the day you swore to—to— (*Drops into a chair and covers her face.*) Oh, heaven! and I loved you so! I believed in you!

JACK. In the name of reason— (*Springs to his feet with an oath and sees picture, which lies face upward on the carpet.*) Dolly! A—ah! (*Pause.*) So that's what you're making such a tragedy over! Why, you—you fool! It's five years old; you were in your nursery. I didn't know it was there; I thought I destroyed it ages ago.

ISABEL (*with a sob*). Am I to believe you?

JACK. You may do as you please. No, you sha'n't, either; you shall look at the date, which you might have done before you made a commotion! Does that satisfy you? (*Holds the photograph under her eyes, exposing the figures at the foot.*) Perhaps you are ashamed of yourself?

ISABEL. Jack! I thought—I thought—

JACK (*passionately*). I should like to know what right you had to think anything of the sort! How dare you suspect me on such slender grounds? If you had seen me one day during our engagement you would have condemned me more, for I tore up about fifty of this kind of thing—all that I could lay my hands on! Your ridiculous jealousy will be a curse to us both. You have already done me the honour to believe me a fortune-hunter, and I took the trouble to undeceive you. Now you accuse me of unfaithfulness, and with even less justification.

ISABEL (*brokenly*). I am sorry.

JACK. And I am weary of the whole business. In future you may believe whatever you like.

ISABEL. Dearest, forgive me. It is because I care so much that I am frightened.

JACK. If your affection takes the form of making scenes at home and causing me to appear ridiculous abroad, I can dispense with it.

ISABEL. Jack, don't be cruel. What can I say?

(*She clings about his neck. He disengages himself and draws back.*)

JACK. I must have been an idiot to take a girl fresh from the school-room, and expect to find a rational companion in her. The result is only what might have been foreseen.

ISABEL (*clasping her hands*). You don't mean it was a mistake? Oh, Jack, you can't mean it—you can't.

(*He turns away without answering, and occupies himself with sealing his letters.*)

ISABEL (*frantically*). For pity's sake speak to me—tell me that you don't regret.

(*He gathers up the envelopes, and moves towards the door.*)

ISABEL. Jack, don't go away without a word, dear—not without a word.

JACK (*impatiently*). Good heavens! stop making that fuss; you'll be ill directly. There—there. Try to control yourself more, Isabel; if there's one thing I hate worse than another it is a scene. It's such bad style. (*Exit.*)

ISABEL (*passing her hand across her brow, and repeating mechanically*). If there's one thing I hate worse than another it is a scene. It's such—bad—style.

(*Goes slowly up the staircase to her room.*)

F. C. PHILIPS.

## THE GAMES OF EARLY AMERICANS.

One of the most amusing exhibits at Chicago is a collection of American games. It is a curious fact that many of the most popular games of the Yankee have been invented by women, and that the city of Salem, Massachusetts, celebrated for its witches, is the home of most of these early games, including "Authors" and a game of letters, the invention of a lady who ran a seminary. Her inventive faculty was doubtless called into requisition by the necessity of keeping the little maids under her care out of that mischief which some "find for evil hands to do." The "Mansion of Happiness," the first of American dice games, like backgammon, which has such a respectable antiquity in the East, was also published in Salem, though it is understood to have been copied from an English game. "Parchesi," which belongs to the same family, and has a more direct line of descent from the East, was purchased in 1865 from an Englishman. There are several games in the modern exhibit that came directly from the East. "Chuba" is the familiar "Mancala" of Syria, which is so generally played by the Arabs, and which the women in the Dahomey village may be seen playing daily, while "Leega" is the well-known lot backgammon of the Arabs.

\* The third of this series appeared in *The Sketch* of May 24.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## IBSEN BURLESQUED.

Mr. Anstey's "Punch's Pocket Ibsen" is a brilliant and mirth-provoking little book, and in its clever exaggeration and ridicule of Ibsen's methods shows that the writer has studied the "master" pretty conscientiously. Probably it is the most appreciative and enthusiastic admirers of the great Norwegian's plays who will most appreciate the fun of Mr. Anstey's travesty, for, like all parodies of really great subjects, it does not in any way damage or degrade the original; and one can perfectly well conceive, in reading these humorous pages, what a droll affair Mr. Anstey could make out of "King Lear" or "Paradise Lost," with his happy dexterity of rendering the sublime and impressive ludicrous and ridiculous. In this instance much of the parody is of the highest kind, Mr. Anstey having seized upon the inadequate or overstrained motives of Ibsen's *dramatis personæ*, and by a few satirical or smart strokes reduced them to the most ridiculous triviality or incomprehensibility. The enjoyment of this subtle satire will, of course, depend for its intensity upon the reader's appreciation of the original, and, perhaps, therefore, Mr. Anstey is to be reckoned wise for having largely relied on broader and more rollicking humour, something which is more in the nature of easy original farce than subtle parody.

For instance, in Rosmersholm (why, by-the-way, does Mr. Anstey spell it throughout Rosmersholm?) we find Rosmer saying: "I have no sense of humour—no respectable Norwegian has," while in "The Wild Duck" Gregers remarks that it's "all very pretty, but it's not Ibsen"; to which one may be allowed to say, "This is all delightful fun, but it isn't Ibsen." In "Nora" the parodist is at his best, and, following a perfectly intelligible plot, has produced with great dramatic skill an inimitable perversion of the original, as laughter provoking as it is satiric. This he has done more by adroit misinterpretation than by any glaring violation of the spirit of the original. The whole of Act Second is an admirable and very little exaggerated travesty of the real play—the room with the cheap art furniture as before, except that the candles on the Christmas tree have guttered down and appear to have been lately blown out; the cotton-wool frogs and the chenille monkeys are disarranged, and there are walking things on the sofa. Nora alone.

NORA (putting on a cloak and taking it off again). Bother Krogstad! There, I won't think of him. I'll only think of the costume ball at Consul Stenborg's, overhead, to-night, where I am to dance the tarantella all alone, dressed as a Capri fisher-girl. It struck Torvald that, as I am a matron with three children, my performance might amuse the Consul's guests, and, at the same time, increase his connection at the bank. Torvald is so practical. (To Mrs. Linden, who comes in with a large cardboard box.) Ah, Christina, so you have brought in my old costume? Would you mind, as my husband's new cashier, just doing up the trimming for me?

MRS. LINDEN. Not at all—is it not part of my regular duties? (Sewing.) Don't you think, Nora, that you see a little too much of Dr. Rank?

NORA. Oh, I couldn't see too much of Dr. Rank! He is so amusing—always talking about his complaints, and heredity, and all sorts of indescribably funny things. Go away now, dear; I hear Torvald.

(Mrs. Linden goes. Enter Torvald from the manager's room. Nora runs trippingly to him.)

NORA (coaxing). Oh, Torvald, if only you won't dismiss Krogstad, you can't think how your little lark would jump about and twitter.

HELMER. The inducement would be stronger but for the fact that, as it is, the little lark is generally engaged in that particular occupation. And I really must get rid of Krogstad. If I didn't, people would say I was under the thumb of my little squirrel here, and then Krogstad and I knew each other in early youth; and when two people knew each other in early youth—(a short pause)—h'm! Besides, he will address me as, "I say, Torvald," which causes me most painful emotion! He is tactless, dishonest, familiar, and morally ruined—altogether not at all the kind of person to be a cashier in a bank like mine.

Still better, perhaps, is the following example of the silly, inconsequent relations between Nora and the moody, semi-mad Dr. Rank. It is as fine a piece of parody as one could find, for it is not only the words, but much more the ideas, that bear a real and not a mock resemblance to the original.

NORA (stroking her face). How am I to get out of this mess? (A ring at the visitors' bell.) Dr. Rank's ring! He shall help me out of it! (Dr. Rank appears

in doorway, hanging up his great coat.) Dear Dr. Rank, how are you! (Takes both his hands.)

DR. RANK (sitting down near the stove). I am a miserable hypochondriacal wretch—that's what I am. And why am I doomed to be dismal? Why? Because my father died of a fit of the blues! Is that fair—I put it to you?"

NORA. Do try to be funnier than that! See, I will show you the flesh-coloured silk tights that I am to wear to-night—it will cheer you up. But you must only look at the feet—well, you may look at the rest if you're good. Aren't they lovely? Will they fit me, do you think?

DR. RANK (gloomily). A poor fellow with both feet in the grave is not the best authority on the fit of silk stockings. I shall be food for worms before long—I know I shall.

The travesty of "Rosmersholm" is very funny, but perhaps the real play is still funnier, and it is, in addition, so incomprehensible (to the present writer), except on the theory that the "master" is poking fun at his disciples, that a parody of it seems impossible.

"Pill-Doctor Herdal" differs somewhat from the other pieces in its nature. Here the humourist has constructed a burlesque of his own on mock-Ibsenic lines, introducing characters out of all the plays. The writer, being unfettered by any consideration that may be supposed to have hitherto bound him, has exaggerated the caricatures to a greater degree than elsewhere, the result being a laughter-provoking extravaganza which is more Ibsen than Ibsen himself.

HILDA WANGEL. Are you quite sure that when you went indoors with dear Mrs. Solness that afternoon and left me alone with my Master-Builder you did not foresee—perhaps wish—intend, even a little, that—H'm?

DR. HERDAL. That you would talk the poor man into clambering up that tower? You want to drag me into that business now!

HILDA (teasingly). Yes, I certainly think that then you went on exactly like a troll.

DR. HERDAL (with uncontrollable emotion). Hilda, there is not a corner of me safe from you! Yes; I see now that must have been the way of it. Then I was a troll in that, too! But isn't it terrible the price I have had to pay for it? To have a wife who—No; I shall never roll a pill again—never—never!

HILDA (lays her head on the stove, and answers as if half-asleep). No more pills? Poor Dr. Herdal!

DR. HERDAL (bitterly). No—nothing but cosy, commonplace grey powders for a whole troop of children.

HILDA (lively again). Not grey powders. (Quite seriously.) I will tell you what you shall make next. Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world. Powders to make everyone free and buoyant, and ready to grasp at one's own happiness, to dare what one would. I will have you make them. I will—I will!

DR. HERDAL. H'm! I am not quite sure that I clearly understand. And then, the ingredients?

HILDA. What stupid people all of you pill-doctors are, to be sure! Why, they will be poisons, of course!

DR. HERDAL. Poisons! Why in the world should they be that?

HILDA (without answering him). All the thrillingest, deadliest poisons—it is only such things that are wholesome nowadays.

DR. HERDAL (as if caught by her enthusiasm). And I could colour them, too, by exposing them to rays cast through a prism. Oh, Hilda, how I have needed you all these years! For, you see, with her it was impossible to discuss such things. (Embraces her.)

Again, what could be more laughable than this dialogue, which, in spite of its absurdity and exaggeration, immediately carries one's train of thought back to the seriousness and significance of the original? Says Dr. Herdal—

Then, is nothing to come of making rainbow powders, after all, Hilda?

HILDA (looks hard at him). People say you are afraid to take your own physic. Is that true?

DR. HERDAL. Yes, I am. (After a pause, with candour.) I find it invariably disagrees with me.

HILDA (with a half-dubious smile). I think I can understand that. But you did once. You swallowed your own pills that day at the table d'hôte, ten years ago. And I heard a harp in the air, too.

DR. HERDAL (open-mouthed). I don't think that could have been me. I don't play any instrument. And that was quite a special thing, too. It's not every day I can do it. Those were only bread pills, Hilda.

HILDA (with flashing eyes). But you rolled them, you took them. And I want to see you stand once more free and high and great, swallowing your own preparations. (Passionately.) I will have you do it! (Imploringly.) Just once more, Dr. Herdal!

These extracts will give an idea of the entertainment that may be derived from Mr. Anstey's book, every page of which has some good thing in the way of satire, or drollery, or comic association, and the delights of which are heightened by Mr. Bernard Partridge's admirable illustrations.

F. H. L.



THE "MASTER."

\* "Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen." A collection of the master's best-known dramas, condensed, revised, and slightly rearranged for the benefit of the earnest student. By F. Anstey, with illustrations by Bernard Partridge. London: William Heinemann, 1893.

## THE SWISS WAITER.

I was eating the lonely chop at Gatti's famous Adelaide Gallery on the day it came about that I interviewed a Swiss waiter. There is a strange sort of affinity between a chop and the soul of a lonely man that philosophy has never yet satisfactorily explained—though it may well be remembered in this connection that it was from the region whence



the loin chops are hacked that the sharer of male solitude originally came. At all events, there is some sort of mysterious relation of the loin to loneliness. Whether I ordered a chop because I was lonely, or whether I felt my loneliness because of the influence of the chop, I am puzzled to say. But I was lonely, very lonely, with the drear, blank, hopeless, spiritless loneliness that is only known to the man who has kept the appointment which the other party has not kept. That is bad enough anywhere, but it is worst of all at Gatti's. Mariana would have felt it ten times more in the Adelaide Gallery than she did in the Moated Grange. "He cometh not" was the full bitterness of her disappointment, whereas if the scene of that unfulfilled assignation had been the favourite restaurant of the great London middle class her misery would have been deepened by observing that "he" had duly arrived in every other case but her own. She would have seen, as I saw, long rows of tables filled with cheerful little sociable theatre-going parties. She would have looked up the long perspective of rows of tables to the door on the right, and down the long perspective to the entrance on the left. The clatter of knives and forks, the constant movement of the people coming and going, the tiny tinkle of the spoon against the side of the coffee cup—the most distinctive of the Adelaide Gallery sounds—the placid murmur of the waiters' voices near her, the stately perambulations of the black-coated superintendents, the murmur of the quiet, comfortable talk of people enjoying *bonnes bouches*, the occasional little flutter of laughter, the *bons vivants*, foreign gentlemen with their napkins tucked inside their collars, the flash of the silver trays and the white aprons of the waiters as they went smoothly by—all these pleasant sights would only have accentuated her loneliness. She must inevitably have eaten a chop. Lucky had it been for her if the idea had come as it came to me of interviewing her waiter. For interviewing one of Gatti's waiters is, as I soon found, a task that is full of excitement.

My waiter was No. 23. I was attracted towards him by several circumstances. Firstly, he was an excellent waiter; quickly, but without any of that distressing appearance of bustle that marks the inexperienced, and silently he brought what I wanted, omitted nothing needful, and said no more and no less than was necessary to the suiting of my tastes. Secondly, I was attracted to him by a fellowship of loneliness, for he was probably a lonelier man than I was. But he moved quietly and noiselessly about with a calm, patient, resigned, untroubled air that encouraged me to take heart of grace to rouse myself up and talk to him. So when I had come to the sweet, tender morsel that lurks in the angle at the back of the chop, I said to him as he stood pensively near, "Waiter!"

He turned big, sad, inquiring eyes on me, and came noiselessly forward.

"Waiter," I asked, "do you come from Ticino?"

All, or nearly all, of Gatti's Swiss waiters come from the canton of Ticino, where the Gattis come from themselves. "Yes, Sir," he said softly; "from Malvaglia."

"And how long have you been in England?" I asked.

"Hi! Waiter! *Garçon! Psst!*" said a gentleman at the next table before he had time to answer the question, and he hurried off.

After a few minutes he came back, and I asked him again, "How long have you been in England?"

With the same patient look, and in the same patient, slow, quiet drawl, he answered, "Here, in England? Ten years."

"You speak English very well."

"Oh, yes; I speak well enough for my— Excuse me while I go to this lady and gentleman. Then I come back."

He moved swiftly, but smoothly, away to the young man and woman who had just come in, placed the printed bill of fare before them, and stood pensively by to take their order. But the young man was very anxious to impress the young woman, or full of a very tender regard for her. He seemed to be suggesting, one after another, all the things on the bill of fare. When at last they had given their orders and my waiter had fetched on a big metal tray rolls and pats of butter in diminutive saucers for them, he came back and continued—

"I speak well enough for business," he said; "oh, yes."

I was just going to ask him something else, but he had again to go to the two young people. By the time he had finished with them I had come to the conclusion that interviewing a Swiss waiter had its difficulties as well as its delights. I had long finished my chop. I felt that I had no longer any justification for engaging the waiter's attention, unless I ordered something more; so I called him, asked for a cup of coffee, and took hasty aim at him with a question about his native valley.

"Malvaglia," he said, "it is very close to Dongio, where Mr. Gatti comes from, on the other side of the Brenno. It is only half an hour's walk. It is the largest of the villages in the canton."

Then he was called away again. I attracted his attention once more by asking for my bill, and while he was making it out he informed me of the names of some of the other villages in the canton—Ludiano, where Mr. Gallizia, the superintendent, comes from, and Bellizona among them. "Monico comes from Dongio, too," he said.

"Waiter!" cried the young gentleman with the young lady peremptorily, "where are those things I ordered?"

"They are just coming up now, Sir!" he said submissively, and hurried off to fetch them. After a time he came back again. "The Brenno," he said, "it comes down the Val Blegno to Lago Maggiore."

"And it is very beautiful?"

"Ah, yes! it is very nice—very nice."

It was rather disappointing, the tone of this answer. I had expected him to clasp his hands together and look up at the ceiling as his thoughts went back to the happy valley of his childhood; but he didn't. In fact, his tone was rather one of cold patronage. So I asked him point blank, "Don't you look forward to the time when you will have saved enough money to go back to that beautiful place again?"

"Oh! no," he said coldly, "I was there for a month. It is two years ago."



MALVAGLIA.



"But you are content to stop here in London always?"

"Oh, yes, perhaps; I am married in England."

So now I was coming to the romance in the Swiss waiter's life. "Ah!" I said, with great interest, but "Wai-ter" in a querulous cadence came from the young gentleman with the lady, and he hurried off. When he had executed the new order he did not come back to me, but leaned pensively against an unoccupied table. I engaged his attention by ordering a cigar and led him back to the romance.

"Yes," he said: "she lived at New Cross."

"And how did you meet her?"

"A friend—her brother—introduce me," he said, "when I am first in London. I was waiter at Gatti's—the music hall, there, at Charing Cross."

"You could speak English, then?"

"No; no English—not a word."

"She could speak French or Italian, then?"

"No—not a word."

This was exceedingly interesting. "But how in the world," I asked, "did you manage to—"

"Wai-ter!" came from the querulous young man again, and off the waiter went. I had drunk my coffee and smoked my cigar; but, after all, the sequences of the courses is only the merest matter of connection, and I am really very fond of sweets sometimes; so, as soon as he was disengaged, I called him again and ordered an omelette. However, he did not display any emotion, and I got a few more words with him.

"So you fell in love without being able to speak a word to her," I said. "How in the world did you manage to do your love-making?"

"That come very simple. You must do the best you can, Sir. In six months I speak English as well as now."

He only came to England on a visit to a relative originally, he told me, as I was eating the omelette, and being here he was persuaded to remain. The situation at the music-hall was found for him, and he fell promptly in love. He had never been a waiter before then. At home and in Italy, where he had also lived, he had been engaged in other business. But waiting and falling in love are inherited instincts with the people of Ticino. I was really getting on very nicely and confidentially with him now; but the querulous young man—I almost believe he was doing it on purpose—balked me again, and, after the lapse of valuable time, I had to lure my waiter back again with another order. It did not matter so much this time, for after sweets just a tiny morsel of cheese is quite a natural thing to take. He brought it to me, and I took hasty aim at him with a question about waiters' earnings and "tips," of course.

"Oh, it is not much now," he said; "not what it used to be. Plenty people they give only one penny, two pennies. Once waiters they get sixpence, shilling, sometimes more."

The assertive young gentleman selected this moment for the paying of his bill. He gave twopence, I afterwards ascertained, when I had succeeded in trapping my waiter again with a request for a toothpick. While I had him to myself I asked him what became of all the foreign waiters who come over here.

"All of them not stay long," he said. "They learn the English, and they go away again somewhere."

"But don't you look forward to the time when you will have saved enough money to start a restaurant of your own? Isn't that the waiter's ambition?"

There came a momentary gleam of enthusiasm over his patient face at this suggestion. But it passed away. "It is not often that," he said sadly. "You save not so much now. It is not possible. And then it is not good, a restaurant, always. There are so plenty restaurant. Not all of them gain any money for the proprietor now. Competition is so much. But there is plenty proprietor of restaurant in London who come from Gatti's and then start for their own business. There is very fine place at King's Cross. He was waiter here. There is place in Strand. He was Gatti's waiter."

"It is a dull and monotonous life—the waiter's life, I should think, isn't it?"

"You are very glad to get to bed at night. You are always glad at half-past twelve and tired; that is true."

"What time do you start in the morning?"

"I am here eight o'clock to get ready, and I am here till it is closed at night. But in the morning I can go out, and there is half an hour for tea and for dinner."

He had to go away again several times. I had got quite indifferent to the conventions of eating by now, and I fished him back by asking first for some salad and then for some vermicelli soup. But he did not seem pained or even surprised. He just fetched what I wanted, and when I remarked that I dared say a waiter in a big, popular place like that had some strange experiences at times I was not astonished when he replied, "Oh, no. It is the same every day."

The training and occupation of a Swiss waiter do not, perhaps, make a man impressionable. So I gathered. To other questions he made replies in the same quiet tone. When I rose to come away he was there, ready to help me on with my coat. Then he went to the unoccupied table, and stood pensively against it, waiting for his next summons. His eyes were turned sadly towards the ground. He may have been pondering misty problems of life. He may have been roaming once more, in thought, that happy Swiss valley, or he may have been thinking of nothing at all; but he was the very personification of uncomplaining patience.

C. E. H.

## THE WATERWORKS AT BOYTON'S SHOW.

In contemplating the large volume of water sweeping down the "chutes" it is somewhat difficult to realise by what small and simple means this effect is produced. The lake winds round from the front of the "chutes" to the elevated portion at the back, where it runs through some effectively arranged grottoes, and supplies a well, or sumpt, from which three pulsometer pumps draw the water and force it to the top of the "chutes." The three pumps are arranged as shown in our illustration, the two outside being the No. 8 size, and capable of throwing together 36,000 gallons per hour to a height of 75 ft., while the centre one is a No. 9 size, and can raise 26,000 gallons on a similar lift. The action of this pump is extremely simple in reality, although requiring a somewhat lengthy explanation. It consists in forcing the water out of one of the chambers of the pump by the direct action of the steam, and then condensing this steam, when its work is done, so as to form a vacuum, and draw in a fresh charge of water. This action takes place alternately in one or the other of the two chambers forming the pump, and the production of the vacuum automatically operates the valve at the top, by which the steam is admitted at the proper time to the chamber to be discharged. There are the usual four valves necessary in all double-acting pumps, and a practically constant stream of water is delivered. Muddy or gritty water can be dealt with without the wear and tear entailed in ordinary pumping appliances. The pumps and the machinery for hauling up the boats on the shoots have been supplied by the Pulsometer Engineering Company, Limited, Nine Elms Iron Works, London, S.W.



THE THREE PUMPS.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



It had been a rough passage by the Queenstown boat. She had lost a considerable portion of one paddle-wheel in transit, and her passengers had parted, almost to a man—there were no ladies—with the last remaining rag of self-respect. Stumbling giddily over the wobbling gangway, splashing over the puddled planks of the landing-pier, it was not consolatory to know, when the top rung of a slippery stone ladder was reached, that a drive of fourteen miles separated me from my destination. Emerging, laden with portmanteaux, rod-case, rugs, and hat-box, into the upper air, I chartered a superannuated “shandrydan,” amid a Babel of competitive voices, and elbowing my way through a crowd of frieze-coated figures, armed with whips and breathing oaths of vengeance largely mixed with the fumes of inferior whisky, threw in my traps, hurled my aching body after, and jingled away. It had been twilight when we started, and drizzling mildly—it was night, and raining in bucketfuls, when we halted in a quagmire, and invisible lodge-gates creaked slowly back. We mounted a precipitous avenue, turned sharp to the right, and drew up before a large, lighted house, from which issued sounds of revelry.

“And have ye come?” said Mrs. Brady, hospitably meeting me with outstretched hands, as I staggered, blinking, into the hall. “Indeed, ye look sick; and what will ye take for your supper?”

I replied that I would take nothing but bed, and to that desirable bourne the butler piloted me.

“Oi hope yees will slape well, Sorr,” said that functionary, after lighting my candles and unstrapping my portmanteaux.

I replied that I was certain to. When you cannot keep your eyelids open without propping them with your fingers, and you interpolate your sentences with yawns, there is good reason to anticipate that, for one night, at least, insomnia will not mark you for its prey.

The butler slightly tossed his chin and threw his eyes up as I made this answer, with the air of one who should say, “Oi hope ye’re not going to be desaved in yourself, Sorr, but Oi have me doubts.” Then he went very respectfully away.

I noticed then that the floor bounded a good deal to the tune of an obsolete polka, and that bursts of laughter, louder than could have been wished, made their way between the joists. A little dance was going on underneath.

I was confident that I should not be disturbed. I smiled in the act of getting into bed—and kept on smiling until it occurred to me that my lair had been artfully manipulated into what is known as an apple-pie, seasoned with hairbrushes. Stillness reigned beneath as I tore the hairbrushes out and dashed them on the floor. Then the laughter began again. I remade the bed, amateur fashion, and got in, but sleep was banished. With the extinction of the candle came no blissful lapse into unconsciousness. Broad awake I remained, while the tumult underneath showed no signs of abatement until the small hours. Even then, the closing gallopade of Sir Roger brought with it little or no relief, by reason of the rompings in the hall, the friskings on the landings, the caperings in the corridors which attended the retiring of Mrs. Brady’s guests, whom I judged, rashly, by the testimony of the outraged ear, to be all young people. I found out next day that the majority were middle-aged. “The Irish are certainly a mercurial nation,” I thought, as from my post at the left hand of Mrs. Brady I glanced down the long vista of breakfast-table which spread before me. Youth was the

exception, not the rule, among the members of the house party assembled at Ballydromorehinch. Insensibly my gaze dwelt upon the features of an elderly individual with a boil on his nose, an immense head of ragged hair, and a white waistcoat. I wondered whether he had taken a leading part in the slumber-dispelling antics of the previous night.

“I see ye’re lookun’ at Mr. O’Halloran,” whispered Mrs. Brady. “Ye’ve heard of O’Halloran, the great amachoor jographer, that has been up all the great rivers of the world in a steel choobe—I mean a boat made of steel choobes that takes to piesus. He’s not fond of go’n’ out unless ye make a deal of fuss with ‘um, and so I’ll have to ask ye look me out a leadun’ question or two in a little book I bought on purpose. Listen now, and watch

how he’ll brighten up. Mr. O’Halloran! Mr. O’Halloran! We’re waiting to hear about your explorations on the Amazon. Did the natives really shoot ye with poisoned bulluts? And do the birds of Paradoyce live on nutmegs, so’s they’re ready seasoned before they’re cooked? And did ye really trace the stream to uts source and —”

“Ye could trace ‘umself to his sauce if ye wanted,” a soft, drawling voice remarked, close to my shoulder. “There’s Worcester on his waistcoat now.”

There was, in fact, a treacly dribble of that condiment meandering over the capacious waistcoat of the distinguished explorer. I noticed this before I turned and was entangled in the sweeping fringe of dusky lashes that curtained the lapis-lazuli eyes of Miss Mangan.

Mrs. Brady introduced us the next moment. “Miss Mangan, let me introduce Mr. Merrijoo, me cousin, the London bar’ster ye’ve heard me speak about.”

“And how do ye, *du*, Mr. Merrijoo?” inquired Miss Mangan, with



The laughter began again.



another dazzling flight of eye-shafts. "Talk'n' of Mr. O'Halloran there, did ye never notuss that distinguished people are dirty eaters? Keet!"

I started, thinking that she called for a dish or a dog. But Mrs. Brady replied—

"I heard ye. Indeed, it's true. Ye remember Poniatowski?"

Both ladies laughed heartily.

"Poniatowski's the great fiddler. But, of course, ye know 'um," Miss Mangan said. "Sure, the Cork people go mad over 'um



Mr. O'Halloran.

when he gives a concert; and Keet asked 'um to dinner, didn't ye, darling?"

"I did," answered Mrs. Brady. "And, if you'll believe me"—she laid an impressive hand upon my arm—"the pays were patterun' on the shirt-front of 'um like hail."

"And, after all, he never gave us a choone after dinner," interposed Miss Mangan.

"No?" I interrogated.

"Not a scrape of a one," said Miss Mangan; "and Keet had asked all the musical people in the county to dinner. She's an elegant musician herself. Have ye ever hurd her sing 'Bid Me Good-bye'?"

I had had that supreme anguish.

"And you're her cousin—and a bar'ster in London—and ye've never been in Ireland before? Do ye think ye'll like the country, Mr. Merrijo?"

I replied, with an enthusiasm enhanced by the perfection of Miss Mangan's profile, and the incomparable texture and hue of Miss Mangan's golden hair and ivory complexion, that I liked it immensely—already.

"Take 'um out a drive in the mail phayeton after lunch, Norah," cried Mrs. Brady, as we rose from table, "and show 'um the scenery."

"Oh, may be he'd not care," said Miss Mangan, archly; "though we're famous for our scenery, Mr. Merrijo."

"If the prospect out of doors is as lovely as the prospect within!" I hinted with gallantry.

"I'm afraid you're a dreadful flirt, Mr. Merrijo," Miss Mangan responded, with a blush. "There's nobody in the billiard-room: suppose we go and knock the balls about a bit—until luncheon?"

By the time the lunch-gong sounded we knew each other quite well. Miss Mangan had furnished me with material sufficient to enable me, had the necessity arisen, to edit a compendious biographical account of the Mangan family. I have always prided myself upon a gift of imperturbable reticence, which has stood me in good stead at many important crises in my legal career, but I seemed on my part to have been rather confidential. Perhaps she had heard all about me already, from Mrs. Brady—but no! Mrs. Brady might have supplied certain statistical details with regard to my

Christian name, position, income, and the names, ages, weights, and numbers of various members of my family; but no one save myself could have known anything about that unhappy love affair in which I became involved when reading for the Bar, and the lock of hair which I have worn for years attached to a piece of the satin ribbon which tied up her wedding-cake. It struck me for the first time that the piece of ribbon was getting sadly shabby, and that the hair was undeniably the worse for wear. It was—or had been—brown hair; not ruddy gold, like the tresses of Amora or Norah. Miss Mangan's name, Norah! Thus I reflected, sitting next her at lunch, and dropped half a potato in the act of peeling it—the tuber being invariably served "in its jacket" at an Irish luncheon-table—and dropped the other half on hearing Miss Mangan murmur with caressing reproach, "Oh, Mr. Merrijo" (I should have explained ere this that my name is Merridew), "of all the clumsy men —"

She asked me to take the driver's seat when the mail phaeton came round; but something deterred me. She looked so highly business-like in her covert-coat and neat little hat and feather, and the large, firm white hands, over which she pulled the driving gauntlets, seemed so capable of holding in the sleek pair of thoroughbreds before us; and perhaps I was conscious that a steady cob in a dog-cart—a low one for choice—was more in my line. I am, as I have before explained, a sober, middle-aged, professional man.

"We'll not take the Barra road, because of the trains, Kelly," she said to the groom; "or the Clougher road, because they're cuttin' chaff at Heenan's."

"Are the horses nervous?" I asked.

"They run away now and then," said Miss Mangan, coolly. And the chestnuts strained at the pole-brace, and glared round with wickedish eyeballs, as if they heard her, and this was going to be one of the nows.

They interfered with our drive a good deal. They objected to peasant women with baskets, to pigs and children, as well as locomotives and chaff-cutters, and Kelly had to get down and hold them several times. But Miss Mangan chatted on with the unsophisticated artlessness, the charming, appealing confidence which had from the first enthralled me. Even when returning we encountered the hunt, and the chestnuts evinced a turbulent disposition to take the shortest way home 'cross country, I was more vividly impressed—as Miss Mangan held the plunging brutes in—by the one fact of her having lovely lips than by the other fact—equally undeniable—of her having wrists of iron.

"Did ye enjoy the drive?" asked Mrs. Brady that evening. We sat at dinner—I had taken Miss Mangan in. "And did ye take good care of Norah?"



In the conservatory.

"Deed, he did!" assented Miss Mangan.

"I was going to answer," I whispered, "that you took care of me."

"Sure I would have," exclaimed Miss Mangan, impulsively, "if ye wanted it. But Lightning and Red Thunder went like lambs to-day."

"The magic influence of a woman's touch," I murmured.

"Ye're right there," assented Miss Mangan. "Especially if she has been taught boxun' and swimmun' and fencin' like me. And always lived in the country. People that live in London suffer from their nerves, don't they, Mr. Merrijo?"

"Occasionally," I responded.

"I thought so," said Miss Mangan, "when the chestnuts bolted to-day. There's Mrs. Brady givin' the nod." And she vanished from my side with a soft, parting glance, which was still quivering in my heart's core when we met again in the conservatory.

"I've been thinkun'," said Miss Mangan, coquettishly smelling a rose I had given her, "that ye must be very lonely, livun' in London all by yourself!"

"It only occurred to Adam that he was lonely," I returned, mentally casting the once-cherished lock of hair and the faded ribbon to the fair winds of heaven—"it only occurred to him that he wanted sympathy, when he—ahem!—when he woke and found Eve at his side."

"Is it me you mean?" exclaimed Miss Mangan, blushing vividly and glancing at one white shoulder. "Sure the other ladies wear them lower! But, indeed, if you are lonely, Mr. Merrijo, I wonder ye don't take a companion. I think I know a little thing that would like to be a comfort to ye—if ye'd have her."

My heart sat down with a bump, and my hair got up and began to walk about on my scalp. Miss Mangan continued—

"A little rough Irish creature, but something for ye to pet." Streams of cold water figuratively trickled down my spine. I listened like a man under the influence of some strange, paralyzing anæsthetic. "She comes of the best blood in the county, and she'd be faithful and affectionate—ah! and she'd bring your slippers and sit up for ye—"

Her voice was broken with emotion. Insensibly my arm glided round her waist. I heard myself exclaim, "Oh, my dear Miss Mangan!" and knew that I had kissed her.

She put me gently aside.

"Wait to do that," she said, "till I've spoken to papa! Ye saw papa at dinner, a red-faced old gentleman with a black-hair! He had his arm round the port decanter, cuddlun' ut. He's fond of port. D'Orsay Mangan they used to call 'um in Paris in the time of the Empire, when he was a notud joolist—and, between ourselves," said Miss Mangan, "I'd not care to be the man that put 'um out now."

"But—"

"Don't be afraid; sure I can do anything with papa." She glided from me. Before she vanished under the curtain of a flowering creeper she turned and spoke to me over her shoulder. "I think ye'll get her," said Miss Mangan; "papa has six others at home." And she was gone.

I, too, must go. There was nothing else for it. The girl was lovely—I had been rash. She was unsophisticated—had taken a few commonplace words of gallantry for a proposal of marriage. Before she had had time to tell her story, before Mr. D'Orsay Mangan bore down upon me, ready to challenge the man who had trifled with the affections of his daughter to the ordeal by "jool," I must escape. Once on my own side of the Channel—well! There were no documents! I could forensically snap my fingers at a threatened action for breach of promise.

All this took place four nights ago. I append an extract from a letter from Mrs. Brady, delivered this afternoon at my chambers in Lincoln's Inn—

"We were all astonished to find you'd gone. So sudden—and without telling anybody; but, of course, when it's your friend, and a case of life and death, you don't think about appearances; and we've forwarded your luggage to your address. Norah Mangan—the pretty girl with red hair, that's to marry my boy Bob in June, sends her love, and with it the 'little companion' she promised you. It's one of D'Orsay Mangan's broken-haired Irish terriers—a beautiful beast, and as sharp as a needle.—With regards from all. Ever sincerely,

"ANNABELLA BRADY."

It seems to me that for a man of my profession I have got too much imagination. It seems to me that I have acted with precipitation. However, it is a comfort to know that the affections of Miss Mangan have not been trifled with.

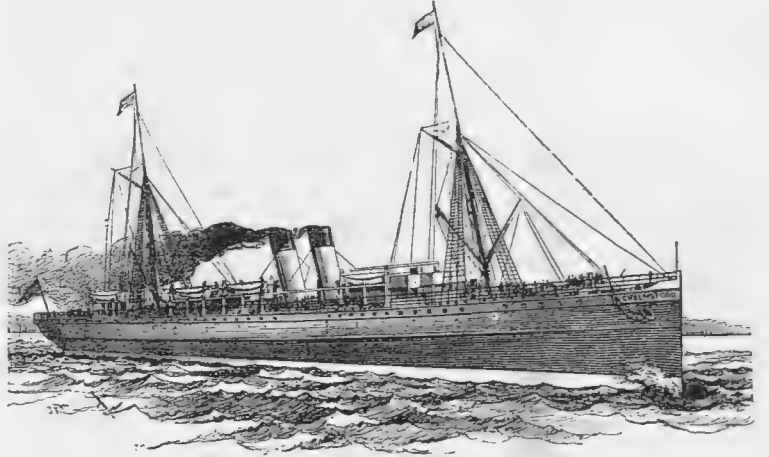
The terrier has arrived. It is a beautiful beast, short-haired and short-tempered; and a card attached to its collar explains, in sprawly ink capitals, that "her name is Norah." And the original Norah marries Bob Brady in June—three months some odd days from now!

"I, Norah, take thee, Bob!" I fancy I hear her saying.

Bob! A most offensive young cub, Bob Brady.

## THE NEW ROUTE TO THE CONTINENT.

Anyone who has experienced the dreariness of sailing up the Maas to Rotterdam will appreciate the change of route the Great Eastern Railway Company has instituted between Harwich and the Hook of Holland. The initiation of the enterprise is really romantic. One day, three years ago, Mr. F. Gooday, the Continental traffic manager of the Great Eastern, set forth on a voyage of discovery. On the north of the Maas, not far from its mouth, he came on a melancholy-looking sandbank, on which was a wheel-barrow, with a man by the side of it fast asleep. This sandbank was the Hook of Holland. To-day, in place of the wheel-barrow and the sleeper, there is a capacious dock to accommodate the vessels necessary for the new service which the Great Eastern Railway Company has established to northern Europe via Harwich and the Hook. The new route saves the passenger two hours, for he can reach Amsterdam at 8.26 a.m., there meeting express trains which



will enable him to arrive at Hamburg or Berlin soon after ten o'clock the same night, and at other places with corresponding rapidity. To the passengers who, under the old arrangements, too often missed the connection at Rotterdam, and did not reach Berlin until seven o'clock the next morning, the new route will be a most substantial boon, more especially as there should be ample time for breakfast at the Hook. Not only is the route improved, but the means of reaching it is a great advance on the present fleet of steamers. Three new vessels will be put on the service. The first of them, the Chelmsford, is already running. She has a length of 300 ft., breadth of beam 34½ ft., tonnage 1636, and indicated horse-power 5000. For first-class passengers there are 282 beds, and for second-class 98. Everything on the vessel is admirably fitted and equipped. The Chelmsford will be able to do the voyage from Harwich to the Hook of Holland in six hours, instead of the ten hours now taken for the journey from Harwich to Rotterdam. But the two other steamers on the route, the Colchester and the Cambridge, will take eight hours to get to the Hook, and until two more steamers on the model of the Chelmsford have been built the service will be arranged on the eight hours basis, the Chelmsford being run for the present at the speed of her less powerful sisters.



THE DOG WHO COLLECTED A LOT OF BONES: THE BONE OF PLenty.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Strange is the power of fashion. Here we have had fine weather and drought for months, yet the seasons for holidays and country trips remain unaltered; men toil on at business or the pleasures of a town season, and overlook the reasonable certainty of a wet and cold July or August. And abroad it is the same. The mere prevalence of settled fine weather does not take families from Paris to Trouville, or from Brussels to Ostend and Blankenberghe. Not till July is well advanced will the silent streets and esplanades, casinos and beaches be thronged with their bright and motley crowd, by which time we may reasonably expect severe thunderstorms and rain.

Ostend, in particular, is as a city of the dead. You may count its bathers on the fingers of one hand; a mere sprinkling strays in to hear the excellent military band blare through the vast hollow of the huddling Byzantine Casino. The wind and the dry sand dance at their will along the beach and the great sea-wall, and only a few ragged native children emulate them.

The carved and painted villas on the sea-front—tall, narrow, jammed together in a row, yet insolently diverse in architecture—are like richly adorned mummy-cases, without even a mummy inside. Only here and there are the revolving shop-shutters, that screen them from the spray and rain of winter, disappearing into their lair above. On the harbour, every house is called a tavern; but there are none to go in and out, and even the mail-boat awakens no enthusiasm. The royal villa towers from its brick mound, silent and empty.

The royal chalet aforesaid is a remarkable building—not for what is inside it, for there is nobody—but for its outside adornments. It consists of two wings and a central pavilion. On each wing there are, to the best of my belief, one dozen lightning-conductors; the central portion, being smaller, is content with six or eight. To be sure, the construction is largely of wood; but, even so, this luxury of protection seems excessive. There is a conductor on the angle of each gable, at the top of each chimney, on every salient angle or projection, besides a big conductor over the centre of each part of the building. Evidently, the loyal Belgians do not intend to let their King suffer the fate of Tullus Hostilius.

Though, perhaps, such an excess of precaution is somewhat to be deprecated. The houses near the royal villa—it is true, they are of brick and on a lower level—have few, if any, lightning-conductors; and really there is no special reason why the avenging bolt should single out the house or person of the King of the Belgians. Several other monarchs have superior claims to calcination. Can it be that some such enterprising agent as Mark Twain describes in his amusing extravaganza descended on Ostend, and catching his Belgian Majesty at a time when, let us say, he was counting out his money, or balancing the books of the Congo Company, succeeded in securing a vague and unrestricted order?

All these points—and each lightning-conductor has several—are too many for me to solve; but I may merely suggest that it is happy for the estimable Sovereign of Belgium that he does not live in the nicknaming days of the Middle Ages. Otherwise he might go down to posterity as Sir Leopold of the Lightning-Conductors.

What a dreary and hopeless story is that of the two young Germans who have recently done themselves to death! Not, indeed, that the world cannot very well do without unappreciated poets and soulful young ladies; but the whole history is so saddening in the light it throws upon the possibilities of human nature. Here was a young man, evidently intending to be sincere, believing in his own sincerity, and yet the ultimate element of his nature was gush, and bosh, and wash, and flimsy sentimentality. He lived by, and in, and for gush; his latest letters, his supreme utterances, were wordy and windy; for gush he died, and his sweetheart with him. Even the last touch of the bunch of roses tied with crape is so very sentimental and so entirely artificial.

Only one touch of artificiality was wanting, and that would have required a Frenchman rather than a German: the roses might have been paper.

What is one to do with such people? The unappreciated genius who takes his ideals for achievements swarms everywhere. From every corner he thrusts on you his impossible plays, his intolerable poems, his unspeakable novels. Happy are we if he can muster up cash to publish at his own expense. The sight of one's precious volume in the twopenny box is apt to induce sober meditation. Happy, also, are we

if he gives up craving for publication, and keeps his literary efforts for a recreation to himself and other unappreciated. But at times he will not accept the facts of the situation; he goes on imagining, like this poor half-crazed German, that it is the duty of the world to appreciate and endow him; and at last comes despair, and a cheap revolver ends the ruin that cheap sentiment began.

And, after all, perhaps suicide is at times the kindest end to the earthly existence of the unappreciated genius who is no genius. There is no agony like that of self-conceit undecieved. The man who thought himself a genius and is compelled to admit that his work is worthless often adds to his former rage against the world a special wrath and contempt for himself. If this mood lasts, the sufferer is apt to commit suicide, either swift or by the slower process of drink or drugs. And the swifter method is distinctly more creditable and considerate.

Only, we are far from understanding the fine art of suicide—for such it is. Either we do away with ourselves as the result of a sudden impulse, and in a repulsive and distressing manner, or else, if we devote any deliberate thought to the matter, we employ our ingenuity in making the suicide dramatic, impressive, poetical—something that will look well in the newspapers. O human vanity, outlasting even life!

But it is obvious that all this is most inconsiderate. The shocking and sanguinary suicide gives a feeling of physical sickness to many susceptible people who read of it in the newspapers, and it does not profit anyone except the proprietors of the sensational evening papers. It is also painful for the relatives and friends of the suicide. The son of such an inconsiderate person, for instance, knows that between the footman's stentorian announcement of "Mr. Brown" and his own shaking hands with his hostess a ripple of question and answer has run round the drawing-room. "What Brown?" "Oh, don't you know? Son of the banker Brown, who cut his throat when his bank failed. Don't you remember?" "Oh, yes, of course. Very shocking!"

And all this misery might have been avoided if Brown senior had only had self-control and consideration enough either to anticipate the crash by forming the chloral habit, let us say, and taking an overdose, or had gone through the failure, and then, perhaps, at some obscure foreign bathing-place, waded out as an unknown Mr. Smith on a beach where there was a dangerous undertow. The natives had warned him, but he did not understand their language. An obvious accident, and the only murmur preceding the entry of Brown junior into society will be, "What Brown?" "Oh, son of the banker who failed ten years ago; but he's very well off, I hear." "What became of old Brown?" "Don't know—fancy he died abroad."

How much more satisfactory for all parties! Instead of a circle of ladies being harrowed in their tenderest feelings by recalling the vision of Brown senior's shocking end, instead of Brown junior knowing that they are thus harrowed, the name of the son will only recall the failure of the father. Now, failure is nothing uncommon in the life of a financier; it need not even be unprofitable. To break is the lot of many banks in all countries, and of most banks in Australia. But to be the son of a "shocking suicide" is not only an unenviable notoriety, but it may positively damage one's standing with the parents of marriageable daughters. Even those who do not believe in Ibsen concede that there is something in heredity, and it is not everybody who, like Hilda Wangel or Hedda Gabler, finds suicide "thrilling."

And even Hilda and Hedda required the victim to "do it beautifully." It jarred upon the sensitive Hedda that the genius with j's and dots about his name had aimed the pistol of the late General Gabler (or the late General Gabler's pistol) at the same point as that once reached by the historic "chunk of old red sandstone." She craved for the dramatic and pseudo-artistic suicide.

But even when the repulsive elements are eliminated, and all is done decently and in accordance with the traditions of the stage, there is much that is objectionable in the dramatic suicide. It confers a hardly less unenviable notoriety on the relations of the defunct, and it affords occasion for many polysyllables in a certain daily paper, and much moralising in a certain weekly journal—neither of which things add to human happiness.

No, while one would primarily say, in the traditional phrase, "Advice to those about to commit suicide—Don't!" one might add as a qualification, "If you *must* commit suicide, let it be obviously accidental."

MARMITON.

## "AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On the south coast of Norway there once was a small town, which would have become smaller and more insignificant but for its baths. The baths were its pulse, its spinal nerve, its palpitating heart, and the townsfolk were happy in their possession, until the medical officer of the establishment came to the conclusion, after careful scientific testing, that the water supply was tainted by sewage from his father-in-law's tan-yard, that the whole place was a whited sepulchre. It will take several thousand crowns and two years' work to divert the sewage. Is there not a danger in doing so of diverting the stream of visitors? Is the heart of the town to run the risk of ceasing to palpitate? The doctor answers with an emphatic affirmative. His brother,



MR. WELCH - & - MISS LILY HAMBURY.

the burgomaster, dismisses the scheme as mad—its proposer as an enemy of the people, who must be dismissed from his post. But will the awakening lion of the democracy let itself be scared by a uniform cap? Dr. Stockmann will thunder forth his discovery in a democratic newspaper; but the editor declines the space. Then he will address his fellow-citizens. He attempts to do so in a private house, for no one will lend him a public hall, but the people will have none of him. Then he feels compelled to tell them boldly that it is a fallacy to maintain that the masses, the multitude, the compact majority monopolise liberality and morality. The end is not yet, for Stockmann's father-in-law, with a fine irony, invests the fortune which he was to have left the Stockmann family in the baths. The doctor still declines to be gagged. His house is bombarded by stone-throwers. His daughter, the teacher, is dismissed from her situation. His two little boys have to fight with their school companions. The friend who lent him the lecture-room is cashiered from his ship. Will the doctor leave the town and start afresh elsewhere? On the contrary, he must stay and enforce his propaganda, for he has made the great discovery that the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone. A balder, more prosaic story was never told on the stage. It is uncompromisingly real; yet it may be a parable. Stockmann may stand for "the master" himself, who was made the butt of the most reckless vilification, after publishing "Ghosts." Or the little Norwegian town may be but a microcosm of the greater world outside, hidebound by the idealisation of public organisations, of society, the omnipotent substitute of kings and priests. Make of it what you like, there is brains in "An Enemy of the People,"

a quality rare in the drama of to-day, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to be congratulated on his courage in staging it as he did on Wednesday afternoon before a large and enthusiastic audience. Perhaps the courage is not so great after all, for the play in many respects is a compromise between the older and the newer Ibsen methods. One need



MR. KEMBLE - & - MR. TREE.

not look for aught beyond its outward facts to enjoy it. In another respect Mr. Tree conceded a good deal to orthodox playgoers by mounting it on thoroughly realistic lines—even to the composing room of a newspaper office. Yet it was very interesting, both to those who never look beyond the bald facts and to those who perceive under these a criticism of the social situation.

J. M. B.



THE PUBLIC MEETING - ACT IV

A LITTLE MODERATION PLEASE!

MR. TREE - MR. ROBSON

MR. REVILLE

MR. KEMBLE - MR. CLARK &

MR. WELCH

MR. TREE



## MR. F. C. SELOUS.

On seeing the announcement that Mr. F. C. Selous was to address a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute convened at the Hôtel Métropole, my mind went back to what time I met this man on the borders of that wild portion of Africa which, in a sense, he has made peculiarly his own, for from the Cape to the Zambesi his name is as a password, and his pioneer work has become a proverb.

Looking through an old sketch-book, I found a pencil-jotting, showing him then as I met him, in his habit as he lived.

It was on board a coasting steamer near Delagoa Bay that I had opportunity of first taking note of the spare, wiry, well-set African shikari.

Pondering over this sketch and the days that it brought back upon me, I became speculative. Into what manner of man would Selous be transformed under the benign influence of honour-giving and medal-awarding societies and the pleasant junketings of a London season?

Out yonder, in the wilds, he was a quiet, courteous, and pleasant child of nature, ever ready with valuable advice and information when it was sought of him. And his

generosity in this direction must have been severely taxed, for among prospectors, explorers, and hunters fresh come to hand the common phrase was, "Try and see Selous; he will tell you all about it; he will put you on the right track," &c.

How would this naturalist and lion hunter of twenty years' wanderings up and down the Veldt stand the test of being hunted as a "lion" through the salons of science and drawing-rooms of fashionable London?

Speculation gave way to curiosity, and I determined to see for myself, so, appealing to the kindly guidance of Mr. Edward P. Mathers, of the *South Africa*, I soon tracked my quarry to his lair on the confines of Regent's Park, where I found him busily browsing on the proof-sheets of his forthcoming book.

The first sound of the cheery voice and the hearty handshake proved to my immediate satisfaction that the man was just the same. Certainly the Bond Street cut of his tailorings and a certain fulness of the face, betokening an easy life and much dining, contrasted a good deal in my

mind's eye with the rather cadaverous visage and finely trained figure of the linen-clad hunter that had inspired my pencil.

He must have suspected my thoughts; for, with a laugh, he said, "We look very different here. I feel that I am getting quite sleek with this town life; but I mean to run up to Scotland, and will soon alter all that."

So we sat and chatted, and sipped tea, for Mr. Selous does not "indulge" even in tobacco.

[Note for the use of budding explorers or hunters: This is the third successful African traveller whom I have met that is an abstainer and sound in wind and limb after twenty years of the trying life and climate.]

"Yes; I am hard at work on the last stage of my book," he said, in answer to my query, "and I expect it will make its appearance in due course with the autumn publications."

"And you are going to diversify your labours by lecturing to-night?"

"Well, I am not exactly going to lecture, but they have asked me to give them some of my hunting experiences at the Colonial Institute, so under the title of 'Incidents in a Hunter's Life in South Africa' I am going to tell them some things that have occurred to me out there. I feel rather handicapped by this same undertaking, for pleasant as story-telling may be, in the short space of a society meeting it is impossible to give the details necessary to explain the why and the wherefore of anything one may have done, and people run away with an idea that I have been all these years shooting for the sake of making a bag. You will see, when I am through with it, they will call me a

'Nimrod' or a 'Ramrod,' or something of the sort, whereas I should like to be able to explain—as I hope to in my book—that the shooting has been a necessary adjunct to my life as a naturalist and a pioneer. "You will come and hear me, I hope?" and his eye wandered to the pile of unread proofs. I took the unintentional hint, and, shaking him by the hand, promised to be present at his story-telling in the evening.

At eight o'clock the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole were filled with an audience eager to hear the "moving tales by flood and field" which Mr. Selous had to relate.

Placed on a long table confronting the audience were the heads and fore paws of six magnificent lions, which the hero of the hour had shot during his sojourn in Mashonaland, forming a very appropriate breast-work for a lecture on hunting incidents in South Africa.

Putting aside the conventional lecture-stand with its shaded candles, Mr. Selous, in a simple and conversational manner, went straight to the pith of his subject, and engaged the interest and attention of his audience from the first, until at the conclusion he had so enlisted their sympathies that he was greeted with outbursts of applause, which had to be appeased by the President deciding in favour of "another story," analogous in this instance to an encore in music.

Mr. Selous has an easy style of storytelling, suggestive of the camp fire and the after-day rest, when every attribute is dormant save that of listening. When he warms to the vivid narration of adventures, of which he has a fascinating and gruesome store, he becomes very animated and full of descriptive action, doubtless the outcome of the French blood in his veins.

The stories that Mr. Selous had to tell were very enthralling, and have to be heard to be appreciated, as his personality adds greatly to the effect.

As I passed out to the tea-room, looking across the heads of the glaring, snarling lions on the platform front, I was gratified to observe Mr. Stanley and Mr. Selous engaged in genial and animated converse.

Thus concluded a notable evening in the annals of the Royal Colonial Institute.—W. M.



MR. SELOUS IN AFRICA.



MR. H. M. STANLEY OBJECTS TO SHOOTING WILD ANIMALS.



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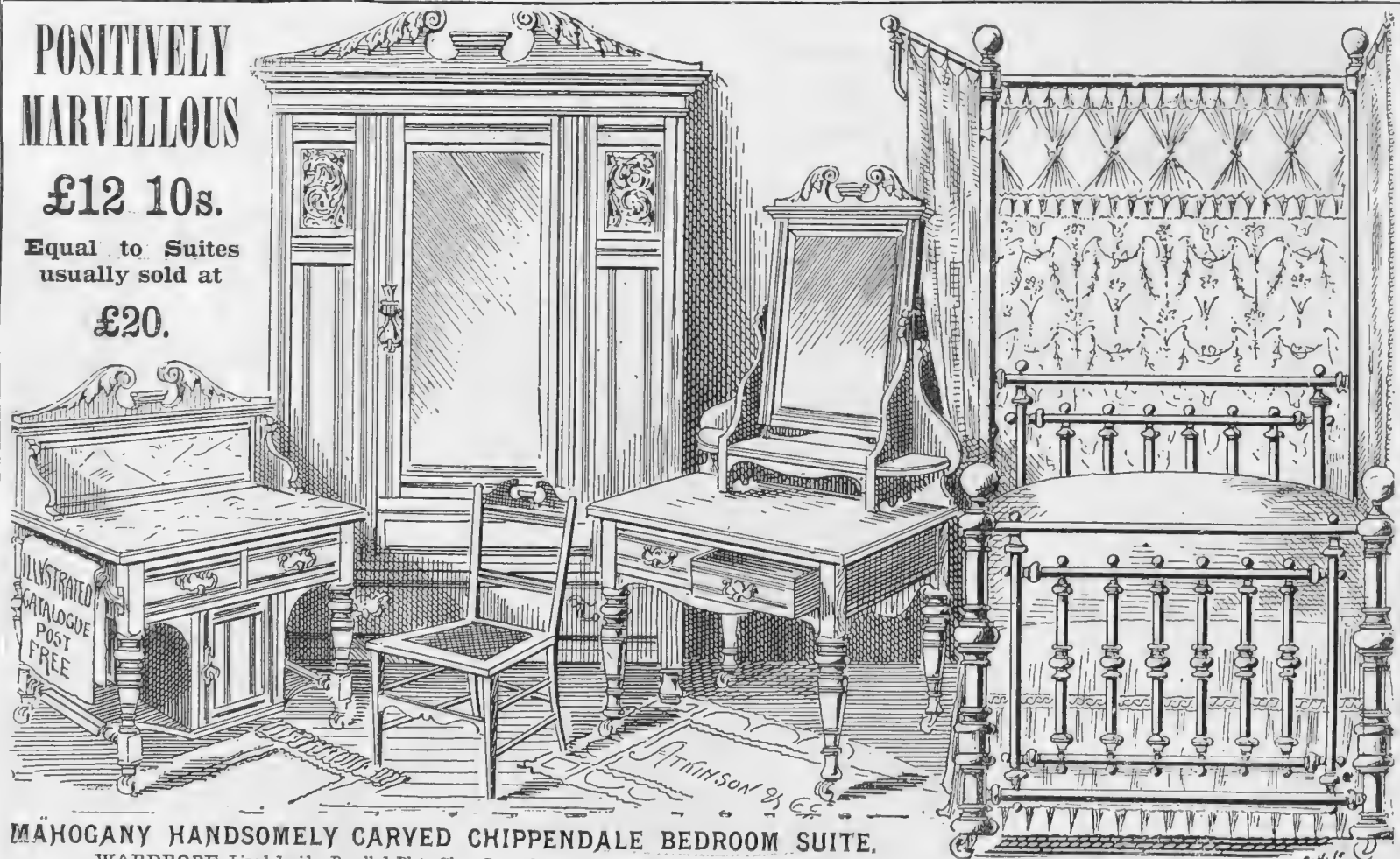
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## MISS EVELYN HUGHES.

It was at a fashionable "At Home" that I met this little "monkey," so full of mimicry and mischief. Someone had just played a violin solo, which, I fear, had bored most of the company, more or less. Presently



Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.

EVELYN HUGHES.

there was a movement in the crowd. It was being pressed gradually back towards the walls. People were asking what was "up," and necks were being craned to ascertain what was going to happen near the piano. In the cleared space, with a sofa placed by way of barrier against the pressing crowd, stood a little child, not more than ten, with fair, curly hair. "Oh, it's a reciting child, or some such nuisance," I heard my neighbour say. By-and-bye the first notes of the prelude to Brandon Thomas's plantation melody, "I lub a lubly gal," were played by a lady (Mrs. J. Watson) on the piano, and the little treble voice of Evelyn Hughes trolled out the well-known song, which many of us have heard Eugene Stratton give. There was no inattention now among her audience. All eyes were directed to catch sight of her *pas seul* after the song. The unanimous applause encouraged the child to give her imitation of Albert Chevalier in his "Wot Cher?" and "My Old Dutch," and the coster's slang came as glibly from her lips as her steps dropped easily into the regular East-End gait. Again the clever little singer was encored when "'Appy 'Ampstead," composed by Mrs. Watson, quite "took the cake."

Among the audience I was glad to see our artist, Mr. Melton Prior, making a sketch of the child. It occurred to me that I must get a word or two with the afternoon "sensation." The introduction was presently effected, and Evelyn and I happily struck up an acquaintance, and found common ground of sympathy in the consumption of a fruit salad.

Presently I ventured to ask her which she liked best—singing or dancing?

"It's all the same—like 'em both," and in went a mouthful of banana.

"No, it's no trouble; I'm always whisking about, so I might just as well do it before the people as not," she remarked, as she pursued a piece of orange round her plate.

"But you like dolls better?"

"Yes, perhaps—I don't know. I like my cat Teeney best of all. She is a full-grown cat, none of your three-quarter length ones. She is just miserable when I'm out."

"And how about the dolls?"

"Oh, I've just got a new one; Miss Ellen Terry gave it me. There were two to choose from—Princess Charlotte and the Queen of the Savages. I liked the Princess best, but I did not like to say so, you know, because I thought it looked more expensive, so I just shut my



Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS HUGHES AS A SKIRT DANCER.

eyes, and said I would take my chance; but I took care not to point to the Savage Queen, *twiggey-vous?*"

Just then Mrs. Watson came up, and from her I learnt that Evelyn had been a mimic since she was three, and when only double that age she had played Mignon in "Bootles' Baby," Willie Carlyle, and several other characters.

T. H. L.



EVELYN HUGHES IN A WEST-END DRAWING-ROOM.



## THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

## "BESS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Bess Summers, the heroine of this story, a girl born and bred in town, was the daughter of a convict, but she found a husband in the shape of a small farmer, who loved his wife honestly and deeply. A simple-minded man was Joe, with little book-learning, and half contempt for those who had more—a steady, rugged, sober, honest Lancashire lad, whose love had been deep enough to cause him to wed the girl who had told him the terrible truth about her father, yet one who had the utmost horror of any form of dishonesty.

For twenty years they lived together, very happily at first, and there were born to them two children—Phil, a boy, and Pussie, a girl. The boy was a weak creature, feeble in will and poor in body, so his father was ashamed of him. The lad really had something in him—had some of the poet's instinct for nature and beauty, and hated the hard, gross work of the farm. For years he was the cause of strife between the mother, who loved him all the more for his blemishes, and the father, who was irritated by his laziness of body and activity of mind. In the end he ran away. Years went by, till he grew to be nigh twenty, and the father never allowed his name to be mentioned, while the poor mother craved for him, and received secret intelligence.

One day Bess learned that Phil was out of work and starving in London, and, as her husband was away, she went to town and searched for him vainly during a whole week. On the last day she heard that he would be at a certain house, so she went there and watched outside all night, yet saw nothing. She came home again, sick and faint at heart. It was her wedding-day. Her husband, hearing that she had left the house for a week, tried to find out where she had been, and poor Bess incurred his bitter wrath by silence, rather than make him fiercer still by the truth. So out he went to work in a bad temper.

Then Phil came in, and she hardly knew him, so thin and woebegone he looked, and worse—by his manner he seemed mad, dazed, or drunk. Morphia was the cause, morphia, that devil and god in one, equally potent to soothe pain and cause it. To Bess, however, the word "morphia" meant nothing; but she soon learnt a fearful fact. In the house that she watched the night before was a man lying murdered, and Phil was the murderer. He had come home for shelter. The wretched mother reluctantly agreed to hide him and conceal the dead man's watch and pocket-book. Hardly was it done when Joe, the husband, returned, sorry for his anger and repentant, and he brought a posy of flowers as peace-offering. So full was his repentance that he consented to see Phil and be friends with him.

Only a few minutes went by before there was a knocking, and the police came in, armed with a warrant of arrest for Bess on charge of the murder. The father was astounded, horrified, the son fear-stricken, and the mother alone was stout of heart. To her it seemed less shame for her husband that one whom he had wedded than that one of his flesh should appear guilty; and Phil was her darling, more precious to her in his weakness than husband or other child. A few words would have sent Phil to the gallows, but she crushed them down in her heart, and the cowardly creature let her go forth to the fate that he doubly deserved.

Trial, circumstantial evidence enough, conviction, and sentence followed, but not death; her sentence was commuted.

Ten years went by. Joe Summers changed his name, and Pussie grew up such a beautiful young girl that a prosperous doctor, a widower with a pretty young daughter, married her, and found means of earning a livelihood for Joe, while he got journalistic work for Phil. The girl deceived both father and husband, swearing falsely to the one that she had told her mother's crime to the other. So, in time, some measure of happiness came to Joe, but none to Phil. The horror of his double crime beset him, and even the zealous care of the doctor hardly kept him from the fatal drug. Yet he ventured to love—to love the doctor's gay young daughter.

One day the newspapers announced that Bess had escaped from jail. That very day Phil had told his love to Nan, the doctor's daughter, and found that, though she had a warm affection for him, she could give no love in return. Fear that his mother might betray him, disappointment in love, dread of meeting Bess, remorse, perhaps repentance—no one knows which of these was the fiercest force—drove Phil to write a confession of his crime, which he put into Nan's hand under form of a story. Then he made morphia, once his deadly enemy, his friend, and sought endless sleep by its aid.

Is it needful to tell how Bess was set free to life and love, how in her greatness of heart she pardoned her distrustful husband? Even necessary to show how the generous doctor forgave his wife her deceitful silence, flattering himself, perhaps, it was through love for him? Happiness, shaded by the death of Phil, came to all.

This is the tale of Mrs. Beringer's play, too roughly told to show its force and human interest. It is not a flawless work, nor wholly artistic in style, yet it has grasp of truth and human nature enough to hold an audience and deserve high praise. The author will do, even has done, better work than "Bess"; but it is a play well worth seeing. The acting was admirable, but I have not space enough to do more than commend briefly Miss Geneviève Ward, Mr. Vernon, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and last, but by no means least, Miss Esmé Beringer.

E. F.-S.

## FIRST WEEK OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

It is impossible in our space to criticise seriously the eight performances of our interesting foreign visitors, and so I must be content with a few notes on their admirable work. The first-night tradition demanded

Racine and Molière; the former was poorly represented by his adapted comedy, "Les Plaideurs," the latter by "Le Malade Imaginaire," which was well, but not brilliantly, rendered. Then came M. Jules Claretie's poem, "Salut à Londres," recited by Mdlle. Reichenberg. It would be ungraceful to examine critically verses so full of compliments to us. On Tuesday we had "Un Père Prodigue," by M. Dumas fils, a charming work presenting splendid pictures of a fast old prodigal, a marble-hearted *cocotte*, a social parasite, and a French "masher." On Wednesday was played "Par le Glaive," by M. Jean Richepin, a long, slow-moving, five-act, blank verse tragedy, not suited to performance in hot weather. The verse was excellent, but the play, in other respects, has no great merit.

Thursday gave us a treat, for "Denise" is one of the finest works of M. Dumas fils. Madame Bartet, as the girl with the noble courage to tell the man who seeks to marry her that her past is not stainless, literally touched the heart of the audience, and her exquisite acting was rewarded by the tears and sobs of half those present. "Les Effrontés"

was interesting, not only because of the admirably drawn picture of a successful financial adventurer which it contains, but also because it was the one occasion on which Madame Jane Hading appears—the cause of this you will find in my interview with her, in this number. Her performance as the Marquise D'Auberive was charming enough to delight the public and make it sincerely regret that we shall not see her again. There does not seem much to say of Saturday's programme. "Le Filibustier" of Richepin, an idyl of sea-shore life, far finer than "Par le Glaive," is well known here, and so, too, "Gringoire."



MADAME BARTET (RINALDA)  
in "Par le Glaive."



M. MOUNET SULLY IN ACT II.  
of "Par le Glaive."



M. MOUNET SULLY (PIETRO STRADA)  
in "Par le Glaive."

"Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" is the masterpiece of Augier, himself the "Master-Builder" of nineteenth century French drama, and has been already played and heartily applauded many times in England. "Les Précieuses Ridicules" is a work of Molière that even Macaulay's schoolboy must be acquainted with. The triumphs of the week have fallen to Madame Bartet for her splendid acting in "Par le Glaive" and "Denise," while Madame Hading has run her close in favour. MM. Got and Febvre in several plays have done work really worthy of their great reputations. Mesdames Dudley, Granger, Pierson, Marsy, Barretta, Kalb, and MM. Le Bargy, Truffier, Berr, De Féraudy, Silvain, and Coquelin cadet have shown that our visitors still possess the most remarkable company of players in the world. E. F.-S.

"Poor Jonathan's" chances of success cannot at present be estimated with certainty, but it seems to have material for prosperity, which requires much working up. If it is wearisome in parts, there is, at least, much that is pleasant in it—pretty dances, very pretty girls and dresses, and charming music.

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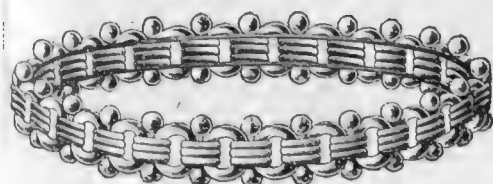
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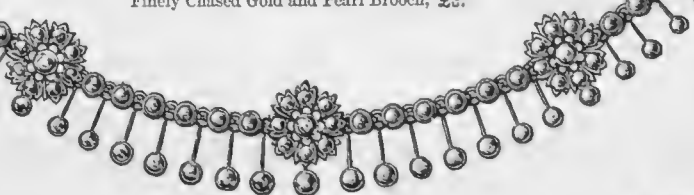
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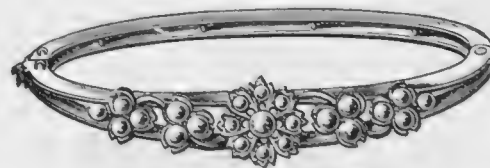
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## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

For some weeks past the Liberal Home Ruler has been somewhat in the position of Enoch Arden—

A shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail,  
No sail from day to day.

Now, however, we seem to have got an at all events distant prospect of relief. The process of piling on amendments to the third clause and discussing them at needless length has been stopped. The Chairman, showing unexpected vigour, ruled out motion after motion, and a thin House, expecting nothing less than a sudden termination of an apparently endless debate, suddenly woke up to the fact that Clause 3 had been added to the Bill. I cannot say that progress on Clause 4 has been particularly rapid, but it has not been altogether despicable, and, for the present at least, the pace is a visible improvement. Still, we are a long way from the end of Clause 4, which, like Clause 3, defines all kinds of Constitutional limits to the Bill. It is a very nasty one, and still more so is Clause 5, which affords almost as unlimited facilities for debate as Clause 3. Then, I think, we shall have a fair run to Clause 9, when we shall, I believe, have the financial clauses, and with them the most critical portion of the Bill. It is quite true that thirty more clauses remain, and that some of these are very ticklish ones. Still, if the Government contrive to keep their majority together over the retention of the Irish members and the new Irish Budget, the heart of the Opposition will have been broken. Further contest will be clearly useless, and nothing but sheer waste of time in the dog-days will have been gained by it. For that reason both leading Liberals and leading Tories tell you confidently in the Lobby that the Bill will be through in the third or fourth week of July.

## THE HEALY-SEXTON QUARREL.

Meanwhile, the irrepressible Celt has again furnished us with a timely diversion. Everybody in Ireland knows, of course, of the quarrel that has raged for months between the two sections into which the main body of the Nationalist party has been split. One section is led by Mr. Healy, the other by Mr. Sexton, with Mr. Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien as his lieutenants. The two leaders are men of very different mental and personal gifts. I cannot say that I think Mr. Healy's Parliamentary power to be what it was. He has a wonderful tongue, a shrewd, hard lawyer's head, a biting wit, and a certain reserve of pathos which now and then shines strangely, almost mournfully, from his fine dark eyes. But he wants discretion, moderation of language and feeling, a sense of what is fitting in the great crisis through which Ireland is passing, and generally a sense of statesmanship. Many of these gifts which he lacks are conspicuously present in Mr. Sexton. Mr. Sexton is a very sensitive man, keenly resentful of slights; but I think he deserves the name of statesman. As a debater the men who surpass or even equal him in the House of Commons may be counted on the fingers of one hand. He is an elegant, if somewhat diffuse, orator, and his short Committee speeches are a model of their kind. His capacity for seeing points, for defining them, and for directing policy at a critical moment is remarkable.

## THE END OF THE QUARREL.

The quarrel thus rudely sprung upon us was, I must say, conducted to its issue with great dignity and self-control. There are fierce jealousies in the party, and every now and then they find embittered expression in private talk, but, face to face with the prospect of a great calamity, the party behaved well. Mr. Healy and his friends did not press matters, or, as their opponents would say, found it impossible to press them. The resolution which caused Mr. Sexton's resignation was rescinded, and he came back to the House cheered by all parties, dramatically making it up with Mr. Healy by exchanging a hand-shake on the green benches. Of course, it is impossible to say definitely that the trouble is at an end. The two sections represent opposing policies in Ireland, as well as—perhaps I ought to say very much more than—personal differences.

## SIR CHARLES RUSSELL BACK.

In addition to Mr. Sexton another wanderer has returned to the House. This is Sir Charles Russell, decked with the laurels that his conduct of our case in the Behring Sea Arbitration has heaped on his head. He is a popular man in the House, and there was a general hand-shaking and welcoming of a familiar and distinguished figure. Since his reinforcement of the legal case for Home Rule, the argument has gone very well. I never thought Sir Charles a success in ordinary party politics. The man who makes £20,000 a year in one profession cannot very well be a first-rate success in another. But in legal arguments he is incomparable. He has more sense of form than Sir John Rigby, who, though he every now and then shows extraordinary power of mental grasp, has a too quaint and—what shall I say?—too cross-country manner mixed with a dash of the Dissenting minister to suit the fastidious House of Commons taste. Sir Charles Russell has a much keener sense of form, and he is deeply interested in the Home Rule controversy. He adopts rather a fiery tone, which is, perhaps, not always discreet, but he speaks with great power, and makes, on the whole, a more complete foil to Sir Henry James's subtle casuistry than does the Solicitor-General. The week, indeed, has been almost entirely a lawyer's week. Wearying beyond description is this interminable sophistry. Life in the House of Commons with the thermometer at 80 degrees is a hard time.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

One of the most prominent features in the House lately has been the return of Sir Charles Russell. There is no secret to be made about why he came back from Paris. As long as he had to make speeches before the Behring Sea arbitrators, of course, he could not be brought back. But on the very day that his second speech ended he crossed the Channel and attended the House of Commons. The reason is that the Government were quite tired of the Solicitor-General. Sir John Rigby has lived down the inability of both sides of the House to do anything but laugh at him. But the fact that he is now patiently listened to, in spite of his curious tone of voice and singular gesticulations, has only drawn attention to his uselessness as a debater, or as a lawyer either. So the Government have brought back Sir Charles Russell without delay. It is hardly to be supposed that he came back in such a hurry because he liked being in the House in this hot weather. Paris and the Bois de Boulogne are far pleasanter, and he was quite entitled to a little gaiety after his exertions—well paid as they are. Moreover, for a day or two, at all events, he did not add his vote to that of his party, as he was paired with Sir Richard Webster, who remains in Paris. At the same time, he is possibly not reluctant to show to the Radical grumblers on his own side that he is ready to work hard. Sir Charles Russell is, of course, recognised by all his party as one of their ablest orators, and as indispensable in his knowledge of the Home Rule Bill. But, as Attorney-General, he is looked at very much askance. The Radicals cannot shut their eyes to the fact that, becoming Attorney-General on a programme of retrenchment, the sacrifice of his private practice, and so on, he managed to get the Government to compensate him by largely increasing his official salary; so that he draws from the country now more money than any Attorney-General ever did before. Nor are they blind to the fact that, valuable as are his services as an orator before the Behring Sea arbitrators, that business has not been included in his official duties. He gets a nominal £2000 fee for it; and it is whispered among barristers that he has managed to get some very valuable "pickings" thrown in as well.

## PREVAILING RUMOURS.

The beginning of the week was enlivened also by the return of Mr. Sexton from his temporary retirement and demi-semi-resignation. It was the patching up of a quarrel—not the ending of it. But, meanwhile, the air is thick with reports as to the conduct of business. Both sides are so sick of the Home Rule Bill that any suggestion for a solution of the Great Obstruction Puzzle would be welcomed on both sides. From one person you will hear a confident prediction that after the ninth clause is settled the Government will freely use the "guillotine;" from another, that the form this "guillotine" will take will not be a closing of the Opposition, but a reporting of that portion of the Bill which is finished separately to the House. It now appears that as regards the financial clauses, whether they are embodied in a separate Bill or not, we need not wait. Mr. Gladstone has formally acknowledged the blunders of the first scheme, and now says that he is prepared with a revised edition. We have yet to see how the revised edition pleases the Irishmen. They are the Opposition on this question. And now that they are divided once more, there will be an increasing competition in their opposition. Instead of there only being two Irish parties competing for popularity in Ireland, there are now three—Parnellites, Sextonites, Healyites; and I shall certainly be surprised if the disturbing situation henceforth is not found on the Irish benches. There is no talk now about obstruction from the Tory side. Even Gladstonians recognise that it is not out of sheer cussedness and party animus that the Unionist members work like slaves in this weather to criticise, and, if possible, amend the Home Rule Bill.

## OCCASIONAL FACTS.

Every now and then something occurs which looks as if the Gladstone ship were really sinking at last. The rats are, at any rate, beginning in real earnest to leave it. Mr. Bolton is now an accomplished fact. Lord Wolverton, in spite of the repeated official and private denials, has definitely split with the party. And an Irish member—a Healyite—Mr. Morrogh, M.P. for South-East Cork, has resigned in consequence of the division in the Anti-Parnellite Party. Mr. Morrogh kindly informed Mr. McCarthy before he went that the party had been made ridiculous. But beyond these personal matters affecting the Gladstonian party they have done themselves no good in the House either or in the country by the further debate in Committee. The discussion has not been so bitter, but that is partly because the Bill has been so thoroughly exposed. The "Angelic Theory" on which it is dependent (that is, that the Irish members will interpret everything in favour of being law-abiding, just, and sympathetic towards England) is now quite played out. The honours of the fight, for instance, on the section that no person may be deprived of life, liberty, or property "without due process of law" rest entirely with the Unionists; and their contention that "due process of law" merely means Irish law, made by Irish legislators, and administered by an Irish Executive, must make an impression with the constituencies, especially when no explanatory words are allowed to be inserted. No. I see that occasional Gladstonian critics say that they are quite happy. That means that they are very much the reverse.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP-TO DATE.

Once more let me sing the praises of the tailor-made gown, as displayed in perfection by that High Priest of Fashion, Redfern, whose name is a power in the land, and whose productions stamp the wearer with the hall-mark of smartness and good style to which it is the desire of every woman to attain. To wear a Redfern-built gown is to be absolutely beyond criticism, and I don't know anything more calculated to enable a woman to show herself off to the best advantage in every way than the knowledge of being perfectly dressed. With the certainty, therefore, of finding something to interest you, I made my way to the very up-to-date temple in New Bond Street where this particular oracle holds sway, and came away laden with spoils in the shape of descriptions of some of his newest inspirations and a sketch of his very last production, which is one of the most effective gowns which I have seen for a long time.

It is of fawn check cloth, the skirt, which fastens over the bodice, having the seams outlined with bands of black velvet edged with a narrow line of braiding in gold and fawn mixed cord. The bodice has large revers and gauntlet cuffs of black velvet edged with the braiding; the vest and collar, of salmon-pink silk, also being braided to match.

Among the other gowns with which I was specially delighted was one of black foulard spotted with green, the bodice being prettily arranged with bands of black guipure over green silk, and the full puffed sleeves being trimmed in the same way. The skirt was composed of one deep flounce, which terminated just below the waist. The hat to be worn with this gown was of black straw trimmed with black satin rosettes and green ostrich tips. I always have a great affection for a combination of black and green, but I have rarely seen it shown off to such advantage. Another dress was of pale tan vicuna, with black spots. The skirt was perfectly plain, and the full bodice was caught in with bands of black lace over black satin, finished off with rosettes of the satin. The large revers were of white satin, covered with black lace, and the hat of tan straw, trimmed with white satin and black lace, gave a perfect finish to a wonderfully smart and original costume.

A very lovely dress was of pale blue and pink striped foulard, with cross stripes of black spots, which had a somewhat peculiar but very pretty effect. The skirt was trimmed with two vandyked flounces of black lace, headed by three rows of narrow black velvet, and the full sleeves of pink satin were completely covered with puffings of fine black lace, caught in with narrow bands of black velvet; while round the waist was a deeper band of the same material. The bodice also had a V-shaped vest of black lace over pink satin, and smart revers of black velvet. The accompanying toque, which was a very dainty production, was of black velvet, trimmed with tiny ostrich-tips, pink roses, and forget-me-nots.

Black foulard, with a graceful unconventional design of pink may blossoms, was the material chosen for another charming dress, the skirt

having a frill of black lace over pink silk, and being further trimmed with three bands of lace insertion. The full sleeves were slashed with insertion bands over pink silk, and the yoke of the draped bodice was arranged in a similar way. The hat to match was of black straw simply trimmed with pink may, and rosettes of pink and black satin. Entirely different in character, but equally effective, was a dress of tan-coloured fancy tweed, with a zouave bodice and draped waistband of pale mauve satin, the skirt being trimmed with two ruchings of the satin. A smart yachting gown was of scarlet serge, the triple skirt edged with broad white braid, and the shoulder capes and revers being finished off in the same way, while the vest of white flannel was decorated with an anchor embroidered in red silk. The nattiest of white caps completed the costume.



In the way of capes and race cloaks there was a great variety, a particularly handsome specimen of the latter being of reversible satin, pale fawn on the outside and an equally delicate shade of blue on the inside. It was tight fitting at the back, and gathered full round the basque, falling loosely in front. The sleeves, arranged in huge puffs to the elbow, had deep tight-fitting cuffs covered with cream and gold guipure lace, the triple shoulder capes and high collar being trimmed with the same lace. The whole effect of the cloak was beautiful, and the glimpses of pale blue which were seen here and there gave it an additional charm. A smart little cape, suitable either for day or evening wear, was of sage-green cloth, with deep turned-down collar and wide revers of black satin, covered with beautiful beaded passementerie in shades of shimmering green and delicate pink. This cape can be made in all colours, to match any gown, and its uses are so manifold that it would form a most valuable addition to any wardrobe. And now, as I must perforce stop somewhere, I will finish up by telling you—though I expect you have heard it already—that Redfern is making Princess May's going-away dress, though the material and style of the same are at present a profound secret.

## ARTISTIC FURNITURE.

If you want to see how beautiful really artistic furniture can be, you should do as I did last week, and go through Messrs. Liberty's premises at Chesham House, Regent Street, spending some time in each of their beautifully fitted-up rooms, admiring the stately grandeur of the dining-room, and revelling in the beauty of the exquisite drawing-room, which is a dream in white and terra-cotta. But it was in the bed-rooms that I lingered longest, for they completely fascinated me. It would be a perfect and lasting delight to waken up in such surroundings, while the tender tones and delicate harmonies of colour would be eminently soothing to tired eyes. I can quite understand a tedious illness being robbed of half its terrors in such rooms as these, where there is nothing to jar on the nerves or irritate the eye by officious prominence. Have you ever experienced the misery of being confronted during the dreary days of convalescence with a staring wall-paper, or one where you seem bound to count the spots or squares, the sprays or leaves? I hope not, for it is an awful experience; but if you have, just imagine as a contrast the "Liberty" bed-room which I have had sketched for you, and which I will try to describe to you, though mere words will not do it justice.

[Continued on page 445.]

By Special Appointment.

# Redfern

Messrs. REDFERN beg to announce that they are now exhibiting at their Salons, 27, NEW BOND STREET, a number of exceedingly pretty designs especially suitable for wear at Henley Regatta, to which an inspection is invited.

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Best quality long-cloth Shirts, 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 half-dozen. (To measure 2/- extra.)  
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In Black, White, and all colours.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.  
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.  
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.  
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.  
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.  
Invigorating in Hot Climates.  
Restores the Colour to Carpets.  
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MISS ALMA MURRAY, the eminent actress, writes: "Will you please tell me where I can obtain Marza Wine? Since I had an attack of influenza I have been troubled with neuralgic pains, and my doctor has recommended me to take a few bottles of your wine."

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., D.P.H., says: "It is a pleasantly flavoured wine, and those who use it will much appreciate and benefit by it."

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A LADY writes: "Please send half a dozen bottles of Marza Wine. I find Marza Wine has done my little boy a great deal of good, he having been very poorly after an attack of whooping cough followed by croup, which left his throat very weak."

FOR THE ROBUST OR INVALIDS.  
**Marza Wine.**  
FOR THE FRAME AND THE BRAIN.  
TO ENRICH THE BLOOD AND GOOD LOOKS TO RETAIN.

RECOMMENDED  
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FACULTY  
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ANÆMIA.  
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PROFESSOR ANNIE OPPENHEIM, B.P.A., the eminent phrenologist, writes: "Having had a severe attack of indigestion, brought on by excess of brain work, I tried your Marza wine, and found it most efficacious, it giving immediate relief."

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VITALISING & STRENGTHENING.

EVERYONE wants a tonic to brace them up at some time or another; the difficulty is to get people to perceive when a lengthened course of treatment is necessary. Ordinary tonic preparations are apt to pall and become nauseous, or to cause constipation or damage to the teeth. MARZA WINE is a SCIENTIFIC preparation, and not a mysterious quack remedy, and has been AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL for its quality, purity, palatability, and digestive tonic properties. MARZA WINE is a sound Port Wine, containing iron to enrich the blood (rich red blood means a pure complexion), Phosphorus, the recognised brain recuperative; Coca, celebrated for its sustaining and exhilarating properties; and Pepsine, to assist digestion.

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MAKING  
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MISS ADRIENNE DAIROLLES, the well-known actress, writes: "I have been feeling below par, and for the last few days very strung up with the anxiety one always feels at the approach of a first night; a sister artist advised me to try Marza Wine. It is a very good tonic, and I have derived great benefit from taking it."

M.D. writes: "I shall have no hesitation in recommending Marza Wine to anemic women and growing children."

A SPECIALIST writes: "Marza Wine will be very valuable in cases of nervous debility and general want of tone."

M.E.C.S. writes: "My patient, after a hard bout of fever, seems to like it, and thrives on it immensely—in fact, much better than with hypophosphites."

M.D. writes: "I shall prescribe Marza Wine in all suitable cases."



A SISTER writes: "Many thanks for your welcome gift of Marza Wine; it has been of wonderful use to us."



The furniture is all of finely grained ash, stained to a beautiful shade of olive-green, the suite proper, which is called "The Andover," and consists of wardrobe, washstand, dressing-table, and two chairs, being sold - brides-elect please note - at the wonderfully low sum of £30! The washstand, which is very quaint, has a tiled top and back in a shade of olive-green, somewhat lighter than the wood, and is fitted with a very convenient movable towel rail of copper, the curiously shaped ewer and basin being in perfect harmony. The wardrobe, which is, to my thinking, perfectly lovely, has copper fittings, and at the right-hand side a recess cupboard with leaded glass door, while on the other side a long plate-glass mirror serves to reflect Beauty's finished toilette. The dressing-table is equally pretty and novel, and the two rush-bottomed chairs are both comfortable and picturesque.

So much for the set proper; but, in addition, this ideal bed-room contains a little chest of drawers (only £5 17s. 6d.) so dainty and pretty that I quite forgot my dislike for this useful, though generally heavy-looking, article of furniture; a shaving stand, which, to judge by its appearance, would, I am sure, be the perfection of comfort, fitted as it is with a mirror at just the right angle and height, cupboards and shelves; a charming lamp-stand, also in green wood; a quaint chair with high rush back, so delightfully curved that it fits into one's back in the most wonderfully comfortable manner; and sundry tables and hanging wall-brackets and cupboards. In this particular case the bedstead was also of the wood; but that is a matter of personal taste, as a brass bedstead would look very well. The floor is covered with olive-green felt and two or three mats in harmonising tints; while the wall-paper (which, by-the-way, is only 1s. 3d. a piece) has sprays of delicate yellow roses, with their soft green leaves, on a creamy background with just a suggestion of green in it. I do not think that it is necessary to tell you that the whole effect was lovely, but I should really like you to have the pleasure of seeing the room for yourselves.

When I could tear myself away from the contemplation of the various rooms, I wandered about, finding hundreds of things of which I should like to tell you, but out of which I can only select a few for special mention. I should like you, then, to look out for the "Banner" fire-screens, which are wonderfully effective and handy, for they are fitted to a movable and ornamental brass stand, which can be placed on the mantelboard in any desired position, while the screen itself, which is of silk gracefully caught up with cords, can be let down or drawn up at will. It would be a charming wedding present, and also an inexpensive one, as it is only two guineas. You can get the pretty Moorish tables, which always look so effective, from half a guinea upwards; while "Cairene" folding stands for afternoon tea-trays are only seven shillings and sixpence, the trays themselves, in brass, handsomely chased, being fifteen shillings. I don't want to turn myself into a price-list, but I do want you to realise that, though their goods are so beautiful, Messrs. Liberty's prices are wonderfully moderate. As for the fire-screens, their name is legion, and all the other fascinating knick-knacks and ornaments which crowd the bazaar on every hand demand a personal and lengthy inspection; and I can only say that you will thoroughly enjoy yourself if you pay them a visit, while the mementoes which you are certain to take away with you will go far towards the additional beautifying of your homes.

This is a photograph of the boudoir grand piano which has been just made by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, as one of Princess May's wedding gifts. The case is designed *à la* Chippendale, inlaid with ivory and marqueterie on delicately mottled mahogany. As regards the

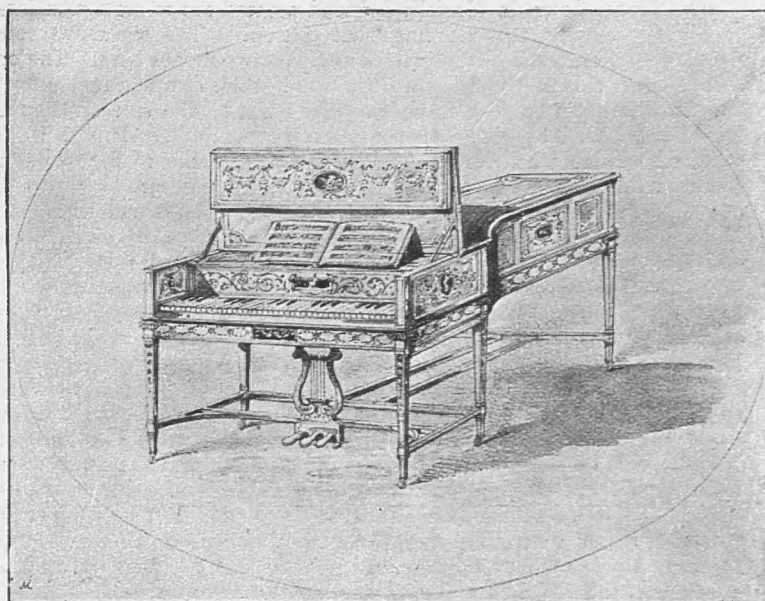


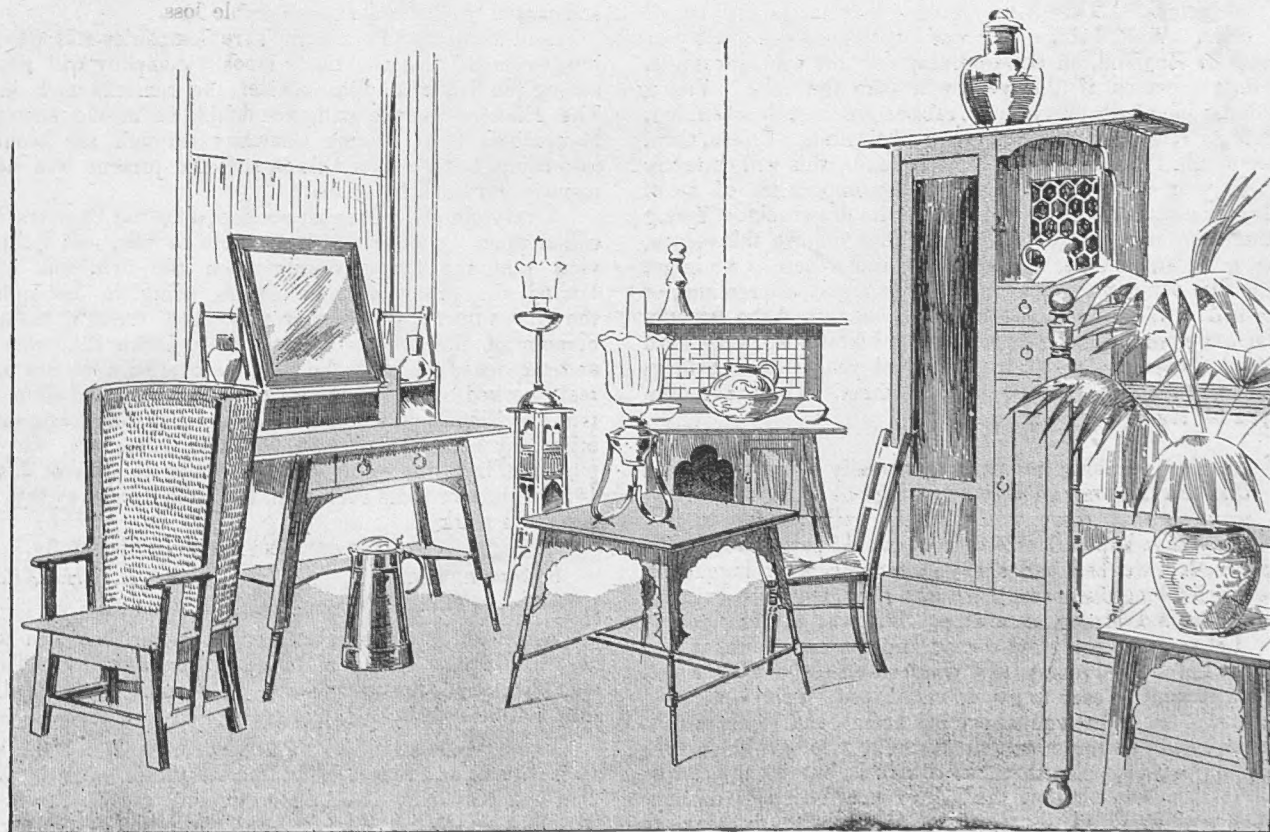
Photo by London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

interior, I may mention the piano has the patent tuning apparatus. Altogether it is one of the finest instruments one could desire. The Princess is a good performer on the piano, like her mother, the Duchess of Teck.

#### FOR THE TOILET TABLE.

Those who want to keep their complexions in perfect condition throughout the summer need to be particularly careful of it just now, especially if they go in for the delights of tennis, boating, &c., for, though a slight tinge of sunburn is becoming to most faces, it is quite a different matter to have the skin peeling off one's face and to be covered with freckles, which may be charming enough when they come in twos or threes, but which are distinctly undesirable when they appear in larger numbers. I always find that the very best thing to keep the skin smooth and white under the most trying circumstances is to make a point of wiping the face over with Rowland's Kalydor both night and morning, and also when coming in after exposure to the dust and glare of a hot day. You will be surprised to find the difference in the appearance of your complexion, and you will also have the satisfaction of knowing that you are using a preparation so perfectly harmless that it would not injure the delicate skin of an infant. I think that one of the best possible proofs of the merits of Rowland's Kalydor is the fact that it has now been in use for over sixty years, while by this time it has become one of the most famous preparations for the preservation and improvement of the complexion.

FLORENCE.



A "LIBERTY" BED-ROOM.



## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*About Scent.* Now, here is a curious thing. Last week, when I was down in Norfolk, a friend pointed out to me a partridge's nest, that morning "hatched off." The ground all round is baked to a cinder, and the grass is perhaps two inches long. The only sort of cover this nest had was a little bit of white campion that grew by it. It was not two feet from the wire fence at the side of the road, which is guarded by wire netting to keep out rabbits. It was in full view of anyone who passed, for the footway by the road touches the fence. And yet here the bird sat on her sixteen eggs, and hatched every one. Now, all the time that she was sitting shepherds and their collies had been about the place, and dogs of every sort had passed and repassed, and yet none of them had found this nest. My friend is an energetic Master of Hounds, not only hunting them himself, but working hard as kennel huntsman. Every day he has passed and repassed that nest accompanied by a sharp, keen-nosed little terrier, and yet never once has he noticed that dog stop to give so much as a passing sniff, though he has been expecting it to do so every time. We have all heard of similar cases, of course, very often, but this was, I thought, a particularly striking one. What does it mean? Does a bird at sitting time lose its smell? I don't think it can be this. I suspect it is only that there is, so to say, little or no scent on the outer parts of a bird—its wings, back, &c.—so that as long as it does not move it is safe enough. But as against this the eggs, which are stolen every year to the number of thousands by the farm labourers and prowlers, are pointed out to them by their cur dogs; but, then, these are specially trained for the purpose.

*The Fox and his Neighbour.* There is another question just as interesting. Have you not often noticed the tracks of rabbits in a fox's earth? It is not a case of *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, for the rabbits evidently run in and out and are never eaten. An instance has come under my notice of a pair of partridges who made their nest at the entrance to an earth that held a litter of foxes, and they, too, hatched off safely. And at the present moment there is a still more extraordinary case—one for which I can vouch. A gentleman, who farms a good deal of land, has a litter of cubs enclosed in a wired place out of doors. His crops suffer a good deal from the rabbits, so he enclosed one of his largest "rabbit-holts" and turned the foxes in. He chuckled as he thought of this little device for defeating Master Brer, and that night he slept well. But comes the sequel. Time has gone on, the cubs are now as big as the old ones, yet never once, so far as he can make out, have they ever caught a rabbit. He gave up feeding them altogether for a few days, and they forthwith grew thin, and were evidently on the road to starvation. His plan is now to shoot rabbits each day, leave them lying, and then the foxes will pick them up and eat them. It cannot be that these cubs have not learnt how to catch things, for the other day he tried an experiment on this. He turned in a few old hens, and then lay by to watch. Well, the foxes jumped on those hens and made an example of them without a moment's hesitation. What does it all mean? Is it a point of honour that a near neighbour shall be safe, or what is it? We cannot say; it is one of the things we have yet to learn.

*Game Prospects.* "There never was such a year for pheasants and partridges." This is the remark that meets one on all sides. Well, Jubilee year was a very good one; last year was, in the south of England, an extraordinary one for wild pheasants, but it really does seem as if this year will take the cake. Young pheasants are doing splendidly everywhere, rabbits are literally swarming, while the partridges have scarcely a bad egg in their nests. Unless, then, we should have within the next month a flood of rain, this will certainly rank as a game year quite phenomenal in the experience of most. Of course, a dry time such as this is not without its drawbacks. Young pheasants at the coops are hard to bring up. They require this season, in many places, an extra meal per day, simply because there is no insect food away from the damp meadows. Ants' eggs are at a premium, or rather can't be had. While the absence of food has turned the friendly rook into an arrant pilferer, thrushes, too, and blackbirds are very hard put to it for food. Fortunately it is a good snail year, and that helps the thrushes along. And this year they do eat them. They have even developed a turn for taking the water snail.

*The Modern Coach.* Another coaching accident does really seem to suggest that coaches might with advantage be built some other way, so that there would not be quite so far to fall. Why have kept all this time to the old pattern? In the old days, when roads were bad and shakings terrible, when luggage in piles had to be carried long distances, there was good reason in building a carriage as heavy and strong as a ship. But why not change the pattern now? Let someone bring out a good fine-weather coach, at any rate. Something light, low, roomy, and comfortable—above all, something from which it shall be easy to get up and down. Your whip must be pretty high up, so as to be well above his horses, and, doubtless, he will not easily consent to sit there lonely. So make a long high seat for him and his fair supporters, when they like to risk it, but let the rest be safely placed. It seems to me that the lighter your coach is the more sporting is your enterprise. I am speaking chiefly with reference to private coaches. I do not know about the stage-coaches, but even they, it would seem, might be lighter built.

## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 17, 1893.

The continued influx of gold has induced the Bank directors to again lower the official rate, and everything points to still further depreciation in the value of money during the next few weeks.

For those who want a safe and quiet  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. investment (and who does not?), we can confidently recommend the new loan of the City of Wellington, for which tenders must be sent in on Tuesday, but which you can easily buy in the market at such a price that the bother and trouble of a tender is hardly worth entering upon. Speaking to us of Australia and New Zealand, the other day, one of the oldest bankers in London said, "We have been beating the wrong horse for years." People are beginning to find out that New Zealand is emerging from a period of depression, while Australia is entering upon one, and the truth of this is accurately reflected in the price of the various stocks. Any client of ours may with perfect confidence apply for or buy two or three thousand pounds' worth of this City of Wellington loan, feeling sure of both the safety of his principal and the regular payment of his interest.

We have had an opportunity of talking to the colonial manager of a great Australian bank within the last few days, and we find his opinions far more optimistic than our own upon the situation in the Antipodes. We were regaled with vague talk about the great resources and quick recuperative power of the Colonies, and our friend expressed the most sanguine hope that in a year or two Australia would be in smooth water again. It is, of course, this spirit which stimulates revival and more than half brings about the state of affairs which we all desire; but in this case we cannot help thinking the true significance of the late crisis has not been appreciated, and the lessons which should have been learnt have failed to impress themselves upon unwilling scholars.

During the past week the general tone has been quite cheerful, and although the participation of the general public in Stock Exchange transactions has been, except as to investment stocks, purely nominal, the whole tone of the markets has undergone a great change for the better.

Slowly but surely we are approaching a settlement of the external Argentine debt, which the increasing prosperity of the country makes more easy of arrangement every day. Greece has done what we have over and over again told you she would do—defaulted on her debt, and offered paper instead of cash for the next coupon. When Spain and one or two other countries we could name have done the same, the air in the International market will be considerably clearer.

In Home Rails the last Board of Trade returns, no less than the traffics, have encouraged holders, and the weather is all in favour of the southern passenger lines. The whole market has been helped by cheap money and the utter impossibility of getting any reasonable rate of interest on deposit, and, short of some fresh financial trouble, we fully expect this state of things to continue.

The spirit of unrest is still at large in the American market, nor is it likely that even when prices are so abnormally low as they are now we shall see much except a fitful revival, until the currency trouble is settled and the financial situation in the West causes less anxiety. Sound shares like Illinois are worth holding, while rubbish like Reading, and Ohio and Mississippi, are, at the current rates, far more likely to give a substantial profit than a considerable loss.

Gold Mines and Pneumatic Tyre Companies still appeal to the public, but we should imagine the "Hook" company will not find your name among the lists of applicants after the remarks made in our last letter. The Elkhorn people will, no doubt, be strong enough to carry the Harquahala Gold Mining Company through the troubles of coming into being, but we should think that the present was not an opportune moment for such flotations.

A very old and respected resident upon the Charters Towers gold-field called upon us since we last wrote to you, and quite confirmed our view that the best property upon the field was Mills' Day Dawn United, the price of these shares being, in his opinion, far below the true value. Our visitor was good enough to tell us that our opinion of the prospects of the Day Dawn P.C. was too pessimistic, and convinced us that the new discoveries were not upon any of the reefs worked by the Mosman Company, as we had supposed. Despite all that our friend told us, dear Sir, we congratulate you on getting out the other day at ten shillings. Victoria shares are, we believe, a good purchase, but you would have to write to Messrs. Forbes and Co., of 16, Cornhill, or some such firm, to ask the price, as they are not dealt in upon this market.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.

A concert of unusual attractions is announced to take place in the presence of the Duchess of Teck and Princess May on Tuesday afternoon, the 27th, at 56, Lancaster Gate. Madame Albani, Mdle. Janotha, and others will perform.

Those who care to see the dessert service which the Warrant-Holders to the Queen and Prince of Wales have presented to the Duke of York and Princess May may have their curiosity gratified by a visit to Messrs. Mortlock's galleries, 31, Orchard Street, Portman Square. The service, which is of Worcester porcelain, was manufactured about the year 1812, for William IV., then Duke of Clarence.